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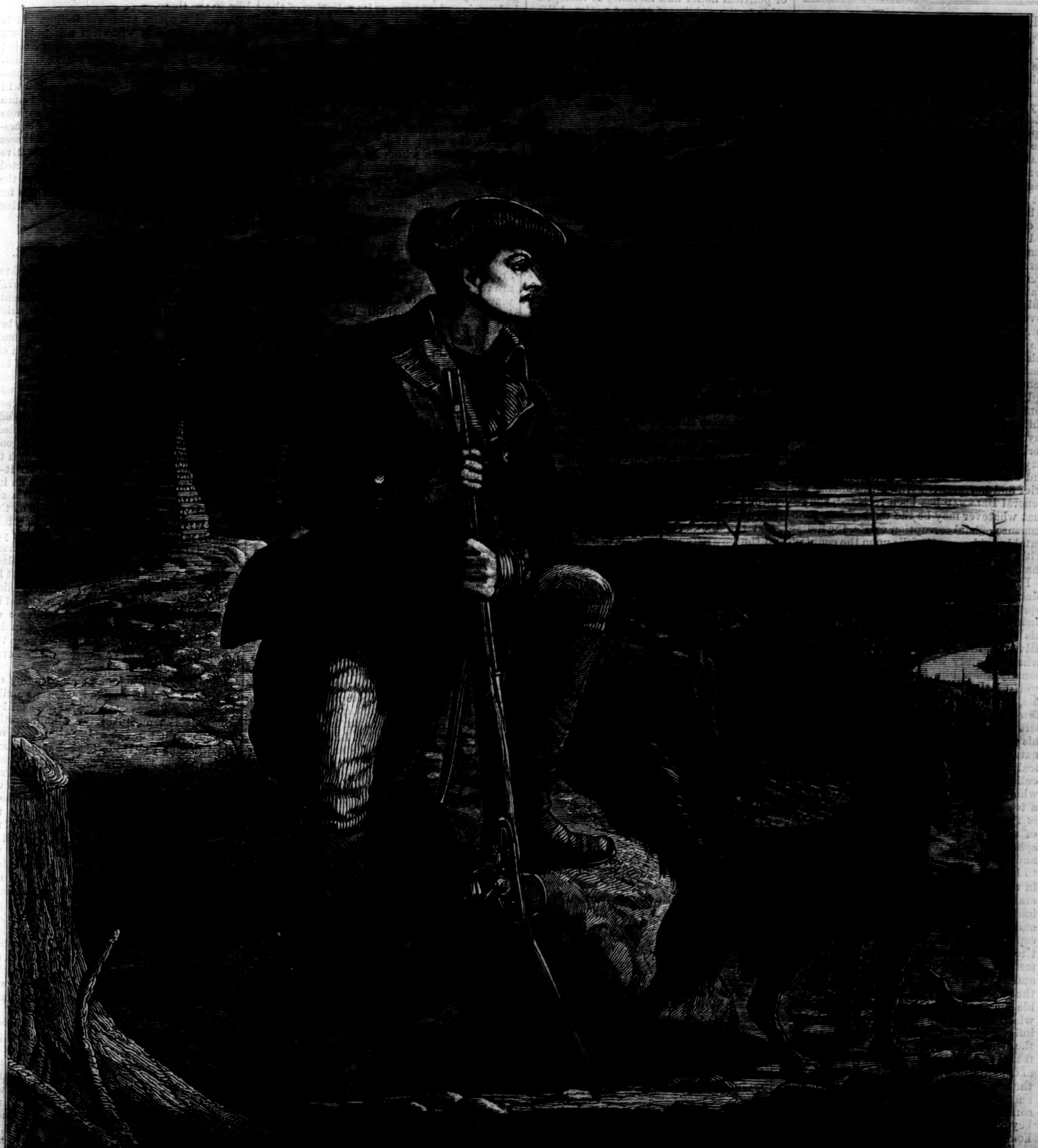

THE BEACON WATCH.—Drawn by Julian Scott.—[See Page 234.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, March 18, 1876.

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THE LATE SECRETARY OF WAR.

The tragical tale of the fall of Secretary Belknap naturally affected the country like a national calamity. The feeling with which it was received at once explains the conduct of General Hamilton, when Secretary of the Treasury, in preferring to confess a domestic crime rather than to allow any imputation to rest upon his official honor. The disclosure in regard to Secretary Belknap was the more astounding because there had been no suspicion. He had been long a member of the cabinet, and although not the most eminent among his colleagues, he bore from his service in the army, and as an officer of the internal revenue, an unsullied reputation. The suddenness and the completeness of the evidence against him were startling, and the universal condemnation with which he was greeted is a sign of that essential rectitude of the public mind which is the only final security of popular government. His offense, however, is not new in political history. Official jobbery is the most familiar fact in the political annals of England, for instance, from the purchase of place by bribes to the Duchess of Kendal, the mistress of George the First, and the frank corruption of Robert Walpole and the open sales under George the Third, to the securing of commissions by payments to the mistress of the Duke of York fifty years ago. Through English history jobbery of this kind has been gross and shameless. But the general sense of grief and horror with which the offense of General Belknap has been received, shows that whatever may be the uneasy fear that immense official corruption exists, the indisputable evidence of it falls upon the country with a heavy shock of consternation and shame.

How is the fall of the Secretary to be explained? He was confessedly a brave and upright man. There were no whispers or insinuations against him. The report of his crime was incredible to the Representatives of his own State in Congress, and when the story was first told, all who personally knew him felt sure that the truth would prove to be that the offense was not his, but that of one very dear to him. A few hours, however, resolved all doubt, and left bare the dismal and degrading fact of his corruption. The Secretary's fall is a natural result of the relaxed tone of political honor and character, which is not peculiar to any party, but which weakens our whole political and social fabric. There is a too general and accepted maxim that all is fair in politics, that the ordinary laws of morality are suspended in the political sphere, that to insist upon common honor and honesty in party and political relations, to hold that a lie is a lie and a theft a theft in the awarding of contracts and the general conduct of administration, is to be visionary and impracticable and theoretical and fine-spun; there is a too general acceptance of the maxim that traditional practice is official common law, that what other men have done may be done as of course, and that, in fine, hay must be made while the sun shines. This feeling is the inevitable result of a system of the civil service which makes mere party servility and party influence the condition of appointment and the tenure of office. And it leads to a confusion of all moral distinctions, to apologies and palliations of flagrant offenses, and to the social countenancing of knaves, thieves, and rascals of every degree. It leads persons in high official position, and themselves beyond suspicion of wrong, to recognize and honor those whom in private life they would not suffer to pass their thresholds, and it sophisticates these good people so that morality really becomes to them an unmeaning term.

This is the corroding atmosphere in which General Belknap, like every other public man and every man who actively engages in politics, has lived, and it unquestionably demands a certain firmness of moral fibre to resist its action. Those who have not strength and courage and constant watchfulness are in perpetual danger. It is a danger to be moderated and averted only by a process of purification, and that process does not consist in saying that good and honest and able men should be appointed, but in providing reasonable means to secure their appointment. The peril of official political life at the capital is immensely increased by the "great pace" of society. The profusion and splendor and reckless expense are captivating and fatally alluring. The imagination and ambition and rivalry of women are inflamed to passion. A cabinet officer is in the highest social position. The temptation falls upon his family with enormous power—and he has ten thousand dollars a year salary.

The fall of Secretary Belknap is not a party disgrace: it is a national shame. It warns men of every party that a higher tone of political honor and morality is indispensable to the public safety and national life. It points sternly to the only way in which political success is possible in the election of the year, and that is the nomination of candidates whose characters and careers are the earnest of practical faith in an honesty of administration that avoids even the appearance of evil.

THE VOICE OF REPUBLICAN CONNECTICUT.

The Connecticut Republicans are plainly of opinion that reform is practicable "within the party," and that it is not necessary to call upon Mr. Ben Hill and Mr. Landers to give us loyal and honest government. The candidates nominated by the Connecticut Republican Convention are men of such exceptionally high and honorable character that even the opposition does not attempt to traduce them, while the platform is free from unmeaning declarations, and speaks directly to the interests of the hour. The party declares that "it honors the unpretending fidelity of Secretary Bristow and the wholesome activity of Secretary Jewell in their endeavors to protect the public purse and to punish guilty criminals, and it gives a hearty response to the declaration of the President, 'Let no guilty man escape.'" It pronounces strongly for the maintenance of the public-school system, and against division of the school money under any pretense. It holds that the Resumption Act should be carried into effect at the time specified, either by funding the greenbacks into long bonds at low interest, or by using any available means to pay and cancel them. And the Connecticut Republicans adhere to the unwritten law against a third term. These are all plain, pointed, and satisfactory declarations. In condemning the suggestion of a third term as hostile to the sacred traditions of the government, the Connecticut Republicans place themselves by the side of their brethren in Wisconsin and Maine, where also New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio will stand this year, as they did last year.

The good cause owes a double debt to Connecticut—first for nominating candidates who can not be opposed upon any personal grounds whatever, and then for announcing principles and a policy which commend themselves to all friends of honest and economical administration. The arraignment of the Democratic party is just and trenchant, and touches precisely the points by which the country has been startled and aroused. The Convention did wisely in declining to present any name to the National Convention, even that of so good a Republican and so efficient a public officer as the Postmaster-General. The National Convention is an assembly of the Republicans of the whole country, meeting not to gratify State and local pride, however well founded, but to take action for the benefit of the entire Union. The object of every local Convention is, therefore, very obvious. It is to avoid heaping up difficulties and impediments, while doing every thing to secure a free and unfettered deliberation. The Republicans of Connecticut have among them more than one whom they would gladly honor by presenting his name to the National Convention. So have the Republicans of New York. The Connecticut brethren have acted with patriotic wisdom. Let every New York Republican who thinks so do his share to secure similar action at Syracuse.

The chances of the election in Connecticut are differently estimated. It is agreed that the contest must be very close, but the general chances of Republican success are every where increased by the constant exhibition of the Democratic spirit, and by the evident will of the Republicans to repudiate the men and measures that have injured the party. To what degree reform is possible within the Democratic lines is shown conclusively by the record of the party since its successes in 1874. It is the same party whose defeat at the polls in 1860 precipitated the war. On the other hand, the Republican possibilities of reform within the party are shown in the defeat by Republican votes of some of its reckless leaders, by the frank and courageous declarations of its Conventions, and by such inspiring nominations as those just made in Connecticut. In the old phrase of the campaign on the eve of election, the skies are bright.

NO MISAPPREHENSION WHATEVER.

In a late speech at Atlanta, General Gordon, one of the Senators from Georgia, said that what "the South" has to fear in the elections of this year is the groundless apprehension of "the North." He also declared that Republican legislation for "the South" was tyranny. Does General Gordon consider the refusal of the Republican Congress to justify General Sheridan's action in Louisiana last year, or its rejection of the President's proposed policy in Arkansas, "tyranny?" "Force laws" were directed against the Ku-Klux and White League, and what have General Gordon or his friends done to suppress those organizations? There has undoubtedly been unspeakable tyranny in the Southern States; but upon reflection Senator Gordon will probably agree that it was not, upon the whole and in any great degree, the work of Republicans. In the very Georgia in which he made his speech, colored citizens are virtually excluded from juries. There is no tyranny more absolute than that of which this is an illustration, and such an illustration implies a feeling and a system. Is the Republican party responsible for such tyranny? In the county of Chatham, in Georgia, there are more than ten thousand voters, of whom six thousand are colored. On election day these votes are required to be deposited at one polling-place in the city of Savannah. The purpose is plain. It is practically to disfranchise a large part of the voters, who must come into town from the country. Is that a Republican form of tyranny? Three weeks before Senator Gordon spoke, Robert Toombs spoke in the same place, and said that he gloried in having defrauded voters at the polls. Is that also Republican tyranny? These things are done, and things of which these are but illustrations, under the national ascendency of the Republican party. But if, with the full knowledge of them, the country should intrust the control of the national government to the party whose success is earnestly desired by Robert Toombs and Jefferson Davis and the public opinion which ostracizes the colored citizen from the jury-box and crowds him from the ballot-box, does Senator Gordon—does any man in his senses—suppose that these things would cease?

The general says that "the South" has to fear groundless misapprehensions at the North. But he is mistaken. There is no misapprehension in this part of the country, and there is, notwithstanding the most vehement denunciation of Northern hate and tyranny, no vindictive feeling whatever. The people of this part of the country are as friendly to those of the Senator's part as they are to the North. As we have heretofore said, Mr. Blaine is quite as conciliatory in feeling as Mr. Lamar. Nobody here desires any injustice or harsh dealing with ex-Confederates. General Gordon himself has seen this part of the country, and he knows that it is so. There is no misapprehension, no ill-feeling, no "hate." Northern men and Republicans are not hyenas. They do not misapprehend the sincere wish of many intelligent Southerners to have done as soon as may be with the war and all that belongs to it. They will cordially co-operate for a union of hearts as well as hands. But they are sagacious enough to know the significance of all that they observe, and they do not believe that the welfare of the Union or of its white and colored citizens demands that the Democratic party should return to power. We assure General Gordon that there is not the slightest misapprehension upon that point. There was the recent case of Hambleton, for instance. It leaked out that the clerk of the chief committee in the Democratic House, appointed by the Democratic leader, had named a child for the assassin of Mr. Lincoln. The story was lustily denied, but it was very soon put beyond question. The father was also notorious before the war by his black list of antislavery merchants in New York—a kind of black-mail in the interest of slavery. These were small things. But why is it that in the first Democratic House since the old slavery days—a House full of "conciliation" and "reform" and "fraternal love"—the leader should have appointed as clerk of the chief committee a man who had been conspicuously offensive for devotion to slavery, and who so honored the assassin of Abraham Lincoln as to give his name to his son? It was, we say, a little thing, and so is a dried leaf. But a dried leaf shows the way that the wind blows. The Democratic party nominates for Governor in New Hampshire a man known only as a virulent Copperhead. It sends from Missouri as Senator another man with no other claim whatever than that he was a Confederate officer. Every thing, little and large, shows the instinctive direction of Democratic sympathy. It is not toward liberty and the Union, and their friends and defenders and policy. It is against them. No man whom the Republicans could by any possibility have appointed to any position whatever could have named a son for Abraham Lincoln's assassin. We can assure General Gordon that there is not the least misapprehension upon these points here at the North. There is no vindictiveness toward the South. But there is a very general conviction that it is not desirable to put at the helm those whom the admirers of Mr. Lincoln's assassin would like to see there.

This is a plain, practical feeling. It is an instinct, and it will elect a Republican President this year. Far from being elected under a misapprehension, he will be the conclusive proof of the clear and sound apprehension of the country. His election will show that the country feels the importance of retaining the government in hands whose honesty and patriotic fidelity are unquestioned and unquestionable; and that it sees that a sound financial policy and imperative reforms are not necessarily to be expected from a party which has tried within the year to carry two of the great States for soft money, and which includes every kind and degree of Hambleton.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY DYER.

It is intimated that although the Whiskey Ring has lost hope of securing the removal of the Secretary of the Treasury at present, it does not despair of putting out District Attorney Dyer. This officer has been, before the eyes of the whole country, most earnest and efficient in the prosecution of the Treasury thieves. In the course of his duty an indictment was laid against the secretary of the President, upon which he was acquitted. Yet it is obvious, upon evidence which neither the secretary nor his friends deny, that such an indictment was justified. General Babcock, indeed, said—and all good citizens who had no reason and no wish to suppose him guilty were glad to hear it—that he wanted nothing so much as an investigation, and that he would explain all the mystery of the telegrams. Yet at the trial it appeared that he had privately sought to avoid investigation, and as yet he has not explained his close intimacy with criminals. He returned to his place as the President's private secretary, but he returned under a cloud, notwithstanding the verdict. If, now, Mr. Dyer should be removed without satisfactory evidence of his want of fidelity or competency in his official position, the natural effect upon the public mind would be depressing and even disastrous.

The President's prompt and ringing exhortation of last summer, "Let no guilty man escape," was accepted, as we said last week, as the motto of the Administration in the conduct of the prosecutions. It was known that the trails led far, and became very fresh as they approached some persons who had been intimate even with the President. Yet no one in the country, not even his enemies, believed the President to be in any degree touched by the guilt of the frauds. And his hearty support of the Treasury and its officers in the pursuit of the offenders was never doubted. Yet the President can not fail to see two things which every body else sees—that the suit against his secretary has been represented as a conspiracy, and that the Administration has been placed in the attitude of wishing to defeat the action which its own officers had instituted. The revelations that have been made show that the sympathies and efforts of the Administration were against the United States as a party to this suit. The Attorney-General's letter, the President's deposition, the publication of the Attorney-General's letter by Babcock's counsel, the conduct of Mr. Sherman (the agent of the attorney of the New York district), and the attorney's declaration in his dispatch, that the verdict was "a triumph of law over political and personal persecution," all show that the suit was regarded as a persecution of the secretary. Such a persecution could have but one object, and that was to injure the President. But the head of such a conspiracy, if it existed, was not Mr. Dyer. He is but an agent. The head was beyond him. The head was his superior officer, the Secretary of the Treasury.

The removal of Mr. Dyer would be regarded as proof that the President believed

the theory of a conspiracy. It would show that he was satisfied that his secretary had been indicted not because he was believed to be guilty, but for the purpose of discrediting himself. If this be true, not only should Dyer be removed, but the officer under whose general responsibility the whole system of whiskey suits has been instituted and sustained should also be dismissed. No serious step in the suits is taken without the knowledge and approval of the Treasury Department. The character and force of the evidence are known to it. The details are undoubtedly left to the local constituted authorities; but it is not to be supposed that the secretary of the President was indicted without a full knowledge at the department of the grounds upon which action was taken. Had those grounds been deemed insufficient, there is no reason to believe that the suit would have been pressed. It was begun, therefore, with the knowledge and approval of the Secretary of the Treasury, who was satisfied, as every body else is, that the proved relations of the private secretary to the leaders of the Whiskey Ring required explanation. The removal of Mr. Dyer after the failure of the suit could only be regarded as a censure of the Secretary.

The possible allegation that he is removed for offensive words which he might or might not have spoken in the warmth of addressing the jury will not, under the circumstances, be satisfactory. If improper motives or conduct can be shown, the removal of the District Attorney at St. Louis would be approved by the good sense of the country. But if they can not be shown, his removal would necessarily weaken confidence in the sincerity of Executive sympathy with the whiskey prosecutions, and could only be considered an indirect blow at the Secretary of the Treasury. It would intimidate the revenue and law officers of the government every where. It would show the rascals that the whole force of the government was not against them, and the consequent demoralization and discouragement would be incalculable. Those who are alarmed by the unequivocal tendencies of the Democratic party under Southern control would be repelled from that hearty co-operation with the Republicans to which the general political situation instinctively prompts them. That upon his acquittal General Babcock did not at once retire from his position as private secretary, was a defiance of public opinion and of public expectation. But that Attorney Dyer should be removed, would be a disaster. General Grant could close his administration in no way more certain to secure for him the applause of the country than by demonstrating that its whole power and all its sympathies are concentrated against the corruptions which the whiskey prosecutions have unveiled.

A SINGULAR DISABLING ACT.

There is a very remarkable law in the State of New York which forbids a professor in a college to be a member of the Board of Trustees. It is not easy to conceive any stronger argument for such a law than the old tradition that professors are a recluse and unpractical body of men, who may know all about Greek roots and the courses of the stars, but are childishly ignorant of the values of property and the conditions of lucrative investment. But as the reasons of the tradition have vanished, the law based upon it should be repealed. The better colleges in the country are rapidly ceasing to be high schools and academies, and with a broader organization and the accumulation of property, demand the most constant and sagacious practical supervision. The duties of oversight of the college prosperity can not safely be intrusted to those who will discharge it perfunctorily. In the oldest university in the Union the president's time and powers are fully and wisely occupied with the cares of general superintendence. Indeed, to the question, who are naturally most interested in the sagacious management of a college? the answer is irresistible—those who give to it their labor, their fame, their talent, their whole life. "Does any body think he can take care of the interests of my scientific school better than I?" asked Agassiz.

Fifty years ago the question of collegiate authority and supervision was very thoroughly discussed in Harvard University. The government of the college was vested in several bodies, and great evils were believed to result from the complex distribution of powers. The question arose, under the charter, of residence as a qualification for membership of the corporation. There were arguments and pamphlets and statements written by the ablest men connected in any way with the college. Among them was a paper drawn by Edward Everett and signed by the professors, which was submitted to the corporation, and a speech before the overseers by Professor Andrews Norton. In the latter is a passage which states fully and strongly the sound reasons for admitting the professors to the governing board of the college, from which they are still excluded by the New York law. It is even more true and conclusive now, in the changed and enlarged condition of the colleges, than when it was written.

"The governors of the college should, in the first place, be men practically acquainted with its concerns; in the next place, they should be literary men by profession, familiar with the science of education, and able to judge of the relative importance of different branches of study; in the third place, they should be so circumstanced as to be able fully to attend to its concerns; and lastly, their personal interest and reputation should be evidently and strongly implicated in its prosperity and decline. These important particulars comprehend every peculiar qualification required in the governors of the college."

Professor Norton elaborated these points in a thoroughly conclusive manner. The movement, however, was at the time unsuccessful, although the overseers were very equally divided. But the truth remains beyond dispute that those whose culture and years of study, whose contributions to knowledge and wide special renown, are the main attractions of students to a university or college, should not be excluded by law from all voice in the management as trustees. Professor Agassiz, familiar with the great schools of Europe, always felt deeply the wrong of this exclusion in America. It is not less deeply felt by the most accomplished college teachers in this State. They know that it is they who make the college prosperous, and if the mercantile sagacity and experience of others is useful in the general management of the college affairs, their knowledge and experience are not less indispensable. We trust that the Legislature will give this singular deprivation the consideration that it merits, and that this painfully disabling act will be repealed. It is unworthy the intelligence of the State and of the age. It is a slur upon that scholarly influence which refines manners and purifies morals, and is one of the most fundamental, conservative, and ennobling forces of the State.

THE SENATE AND THE PRESIDENCY.

Senator Morton has been nominated for the Presidency by the Indiana Republican Convention. He is a bold and unshrinking man, as his career during the war and his conduct in the Senate have shown. But the bravest are sometimes troubled by precedents and traditions. People do not generally acknowledge that they believe in ghosts. But it is hard to let a haunted house. They sneer at omens and superstitions. But many people prefer not to sleep in a room where great crimes have been committed. Now it has been sometimes thought that Presidential candidates are nervous and very susceptible to all kinds of occult influence. They may be naturally brave, but as candidates they are doubting and suspicious, sensitive to precedents, observant of omens. Bold as Senator Morton is, has he ever reflected that no Senator of the United States was ever elected President? To a daring man, indeed, this fact may be but another incentive. Yet it is a fact, as his colleague, Senator Conkling, reminded the Senate in his speech upon Mr. Sumner's proposition to make the President ineligible. Mr. Conkling stated the historical fact with great gayety and force and point, as Mr. Morton undoubtedly remembers.

"Of all who have tried it [says Senator Conkling], I think not one ever yet performed the feat of passing from this Chamber to the chair of state. Men have achieved nominations while in the Senate, like Clay, Cass, and Douglas, but never an election. The Constitution has not been in the way: the trouble has been with the power behind and above the Constitution—the people. I warn my friends from Nevada, Vermont, and Rhode Island that they must renounce the Senate and all its works if they wish to be Presidents. Their staying here will not prejudice them with me—I shall vote for them all the same; but there is a hot-house air in the Senate which breeds candidates for the Presidency, but makes them past bearing, and kills them off before they get their growth."

It is a truth gayly spoken, and Senator Morton may well ponder it.

THE HOME OF WASHINGTON.

Those Americans who find republican simplicity in the fact stated in Congress that our minister in Paris lives in a side street, in a third story, would probably not care whether our Centennial visitors from Europe liked us or disliked us. But there are other Americans to whom the memory of the men who established our independence is so precious that they would feel sincerely ashamed to have foreigners arrive and find that we honored the fathers so little as to leave their graves neglected and their monuments falling into ruins. Those foreigners, however, are very likely to discover that carelessness; for even Mount Vernon, the home and great monument of George Washington, is tumbling to pieces, and its desolation and decay will offer a strange contrast to the fresh splendor of the Centennial buildings at Philadelphia.

When Mr. Everett undertook his mission of raising a fund for the purchase of Mount Vernon, it was at a time when the public mind was commanded by the absorbing passions of the approaching war. But his zeal and eloquence, with the aid of other enthusiasts, succeeded in collecting the money, and the estate was bought for two hundred thousand dollars. The fund for maintenance of the place, however, is only four thousand dollars, and the main source of revenue for repairs is the fares paid by tourists who come by the boat. Extensive repairs are absolutely necessary, and should be begun in the early spring, to make the house and place properly presentable during the summer. The veneration for Washington in the hearts of the large mass of our foreign visitors, and the great curiosity in the minds of all of them, will undoubtedly make Mount Vernon a point of pilgrimage from Philadelphia. Foreign and native visitors will wish to see the capital and the home of Washington. Now we are not a people given to pageants and show places, but we have a very honest and hearty reverence for the man who was at the head of the army of independence a hundred years ago. Is there not self-respect enough to show it by putting the country place which is his chief and most interesting memorial in decent order? An opportunity will undoubtedly be given throughout the country to raise the necessary fund. Every body would be ready with his share if he could only fully conceive the amazement of strangers who would come to find us all agog about our divine Washington, and would then behold the unfinished chimney or shot-tower that is called his monument at the capital, and Mount Vernon, his homestead and his tomb, dilapidated and ruined.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Sharon, the new United States Senator from Nevada, who has just taken his seat for the first time since his election, is described as a man small in stature, and lacks the stoutness of his colleague, Senator Jones. He has a dun-colored mustache and imperial, wears eyeglasses, and is apparently on the sunny side of fifty. He is bald on the back of his head, and his thin covering of hair is of a sandy gray.

—The New York *Observer* says: "When Barnum was giving the Jenny Lind concerts, the press censured his management, and he replied that he could not edit a newspaper, but he knew more about managing concerts than the smartest editor in the city. One of the papers speaks of 'the enormous choir of paid singers' at the Hippodrome meetings. The choir is composed of 1200 singers, who take turns in attendance, so that 300 or 400 only are present at each meeting. They cheerfully give their services without fee or reward, and enjoy the luxury of giving. The same is true of the army of ushers and assistants." One of the noticeable things about the Moody and Sankey services is the perfection of the police arrangements, and these, we understand, have been to a large extent placed under the supervision of Dr. Irenæus Prime, whose organizing and executive ability is of the highest order, but who with characteristic delicacy keeps what he does as though it were quite too unimportant to be mentioned.

—Mr. A. B. Robeson, of Greene, New York, like Mr. Wegg, has "dropped into poultry." Mr. Robeson keeps 6000 ducks (of the same breed that Dido ate), 4000 turkeys, and 1200 hens. They consume daily sixty bushels of corn, two barrels of meal, two barrels of potatoes, and a quantity of charcoal. The fowls occupy twelve buildings from 100 to 200 feet long, 14 feet wide, and 5 feet under the eaves. He thinks he will make out of his 6000 ducks enough to pay for his egg house, which cost $7000.

—How pleasant is a garland! The one placed round the neck of the Prince of Wales at the conclusion of the *fête* given to him at Lucknow by the tulookdars, the other day, was valued at 7000 rupees—about $3500.

—Washington's Bible, a fine copy of Bishop Wilson's edition (1785), in three volumes, with autograph of Washington on the title-page, is for sale at a Philadelphia bookstore. Price $3000.

—Mr. George Smith, of the British Museum, has finally succeeded in obtaining an official permission from the Sultan of Turkey to continue his explorations in Nineveh, and is now making preparations for his trip.

—Chief Justice Daly, president of the Geographical Society, in a recent address of great interest, states the fact that the third quarter of this century has surpassed all previous periods in extending our knowledge of the earth's surface, since the era of discovery that began in the fifteenth century and culminated with Magellan's voyage around the world.

—Concerning historians, it may be mentioned that the first volume of Bancroft's *History of the United States* appeared in 1834, since which twenty-five editions have been published. He is now preparing another and thoroughly revised edition. The life of no English or American historian offers a parallel. Gibbon survived the publication of his great work only eighteen years. Hume gave the first installment of his history in 1754, and died twenty-two years afterward. The literary life of Robertson extended from the publication of his *History of Scotland*, in 1759, to his death, in 1793. The revised edition of Robertson's greatest work was prepared by Mr. Prescott, whose own works have appeared since his death in a revised edition issued under the editorial care of another historian. From the publication of the *History of Ferdinand and Isabella* to the death of Mr. Prescott was less than twenty-one years. Macaulay died in a little more than ten years after he published the first two volumes of the *History of England*. Grote issued the first two volumes of the *History of Greece* in 1846, and died in 1871, having devoted his later years to the preparation of other works on kindred themes.

—The late John Forster led a life of constant literary labor, but it was not without a dash of romance in his early attachment to Miss Letitia Landon, the "L. E. L." of the "Bijous" and "Keepsakes" of forty years since. That, however, was not among the marriages predestined in accordance with the proverb. The lovers parted on some misunderstanding, and Miss Landon became the wife of Governor Maclean, and met with a tragic end at Cape Coast Castle. Mr. Forster subsequently married Mrs. Colburn, the widow of the late publisher of that name.

—A singular mishap befell the proof-sheets of *Pausanias the Spartan*, an unfinished romance by the late Lord Lytton, recently published by the Harpers. A mail-steamer was wrecked on the voyage from Lisbon to London; but her mails were soon fished up, and among them were the proof-sheets of *Pausanias*. They had dried, when they reached London, into a solid mass, and the printers had to bake them before the sheets could be parted.

—Doubtless many of those who attended Charles Edward Horsley's funeral in Trinity Church recently had heard of him simply as the organist of St. John's Chapel. But the unusual solemnity of the occasion, the participation in the service of the choirs of Trinity Church and its three chapels, and the presence of a large assembly were not merely the manifestations of love for the deceased, but tributes also to his genius. For Mr. Horsley was known to all cultivated musicians as a great composer. Music came to him as a heritage. His father and his grandfather (Dr. Callcott) were celebrated musicians and composers. He was the pupil and friend of the great German composers Mendelssohn and Spohr. At the age of twenty-four he composed the oratorio of *David*, which was performed by the Liverpool Harmonic Society. Four years later his second great work, the oratorio of *Joseph*, was performed by the same society. His cantata of *Comus* was brought out with marked success in London in 1854. His oratorio of *Gideon*, composed for the Glasgow Musical Festival in 1860, was so highly appreciated that it was repeated the next year in St. James's Hall, London. His symphonies have met in Germany with marked appreciation. Shortly before his death he composed *The Patriot Flag*, recently performed under his direction at the Martha Washington Reception in this city, and an anthem which will be performed on the coming Easter-Sunday at Trinity. During the last year of his life (he died at the age of fifty-one), Mr. Horsley wrote a treatise, not yet published, on harmony, which, in the opinion of competent judges, places him in the foremost rank among musical theorists. It is scarcely four years since Mr. Horsley came to this country, but the time of his stay with us was not too short for him to win the affection and esteem of numerous friends. He was modest in disposition even to a sensitive degree, and generous to a fault. All who knew him personally will regret his loss for themselves, and for the art to which he was so enthusiastically devoted.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Congress: The House of Representatives on the 28th ult. ordered its Judiciary Committee to investigate the recent Whiskey Ring trials in connection with Attorney-General Pierrepont's letter to District Attorney Dyer.—The Senate, on the 29th, passed the Military Academy Appropriation Bill. In the House, Mr. Luttrell, of California, offered a resolution declaring it to be the opinion of the House that the Secretary of the Treasury should at once commence the issue of the silver coin accumulated in the Treasury, as a substitute for fractional currency, which was appropriately referred.—In the Senate, on the 1st inst., a bill was introduced appropriating $3,200,000 for repairing and in part rebuilding the levees of the Mississippi River.

Destructive tornadoes swept over Missouri, Illinois, and Indiana on the night of the 27th ult. In St. Charles, Missouri, buildings were blown down, and several lives were lost.

Generals Crook and Custer, at the head of 2000 men, have left Forts Laramie and Lincoln, to compel Sitting Bull and his braves to remain on their reservation.

A bill was introduced in the New York Legislature, on the 2d inst., for the general reduction of the salaries of New York city officials.

The only Republican Inspector of State-prisons, Moss K. Platt, died at Plattsburg on the 1st, aged sixty-seven years.

The Connecticut Republican State Convention met on the 29th ult., and nominated Henry C. Robinson for Governor. The platform declares against the third term, and accepts President Grant's letter as final.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The inundations in Hungary are increasing. Many persons have been drowned near Posen. The railway from Posen to Thorn is threatened with destruction. A Vienna dispatch to the London *News* reports that fifty-five Hungarian villages near the border are entirely submerged, the water over some of them being nineteen feet deep. A hundred manufactories and fifty other buildings at New Pesth have been undermined and fallen. It is feared that when the waters retire, a vast number of houses in Buda and other places along the river will fall. Twelve thousand out of the eighteen thousand inhabitants of Althofen are homeless.

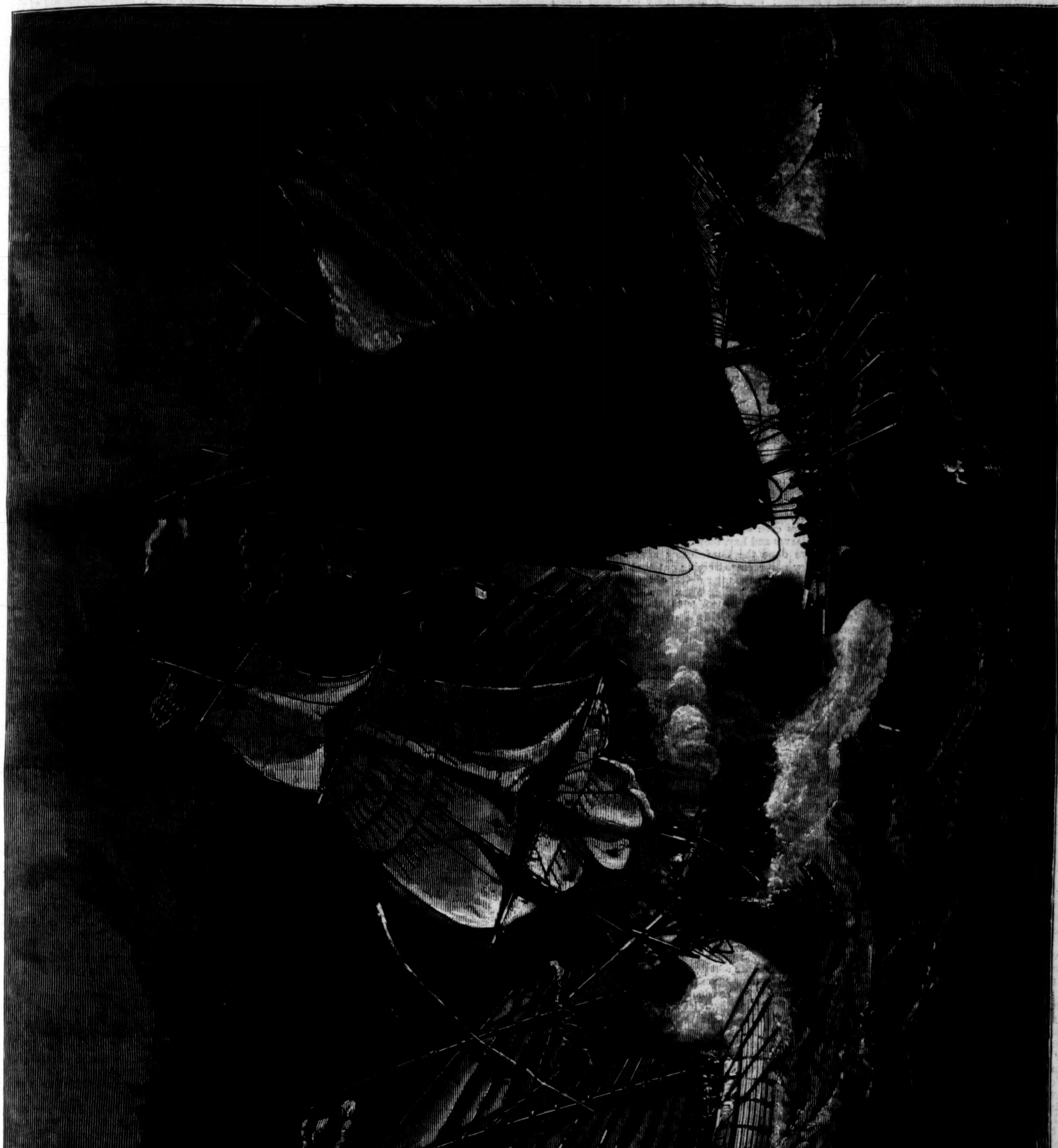
The British steamer *Bothnia*, from New Orleans for Liverpool, was burned at sea, February 15. No lives were lost.

Fifty natives and half the town of Little Popo, on the Gold Coast, were destroyed by an explosion of gunpowder, February 1.

A sanguinary battle was fought between the Turks and insurgent forces on the 1st inst., near Dabra, in which 800 of the former were killed. The revolutionists have issued a manifesto scouting all propositions of peace. A telegram from Vienna to the London *Daily News* announces that the Montenegrin leaders of the insurrection in Herzegovina have retired. The Porte has notified the guaranteeing powers that it will remit tithes for one year and all other taxes for two years to all refugees who return to their homes.

The revolution in Spain is at an end. Don Carlos has fled to France, and the bulk of his forces have been interned in French territory. The Alfonsists have taken thirty-three pieces of artillery and many thousands of rifles abandoned by the Carlists. Don Carlos has issued a manifesto to the Spaniards, in which he says: "Desiring to stop bloodshed, I forbear continuing a glorious but at present fruitless struggle. Seeing the sufferings of my volunteers and the superiority of numbers against them, it becomes necessary to sheathe the sword. I will never sign a compromise. My flag remains folded until the moment which God shall fix as the supreme hour of redemption." In an address to his soldiers, Don Carlos congratulates them on the heroism they have displayed, and bids them not to abandon hope.

THE FIRST ULSTER IN BLACKVILLE—CONSTERNATION AND FLIGHT OF THE INHABITANTS.—[Drawn by Sol Eytinge, Jun.]



CHINESE PIRATES ATTACKING A TRADER.—Drawn by J. O. Davidson.—[See Page 226.]

CHINESE PIRATES.

THERE was a time when piracy in the Chinese waters was accepted as a matter of course, and American and European trading ships sailing to that part of the world were armed with guns and small-arms to repel their barbarous assailants. With a fair wind and good headway, a heavy ship had little to fear from the piratical junks, which she could run down like cockle-shells, as their armament was rarely of sufficient weight to make an impression on her strong frame; the danger lay in an attack during a calm, when, lying helpless as a log on the water, a fleet of these junks would bear down upon her, by the aid of their long oars, and overpower the crew by dint of numbers and endurance. Our illustration on page 225 shows an American trader attacked by several of these vessels. Her crew are making a brave fight for life; but slaughter does not terrify either the Chinese or the Malay pirates. Though half the fleet may be sunk, the rest will keep up the fight so long as there is a chance of success in the end. The presence of foreign men-of-war in the Chinese waters, and the vigor with which pirates have been punished, have broken up the organized system of piracy which once prevailed there, and very few cases have been reported of late years. In CHARLES READE'S *Very Hard Cash* will be found a most graphic and thrilling description of a fight between an English trading ship and one of these piratical junks.

THE THIRTY-EIGHTH CONGRESS.

I.—A DEMOCRATIC MINORITY.

BETWEEN the Congress of 1863–64 and the Congress of 1875–76 a resemblance exists that is not altogether accidental. Both were elected in periods of extreme national depression. In both elections the languor and indifference of the Republicans gave great advantages to the enemies of progress. To both the Democratic Representatives came borne into power by a sudden uprising of the ultramontane population of the large towns. It was observed that in all the elections of 1862 the ultramontane element was singularly active. Had the Democratic party, as in 1872–73, been aided by the peculiar tactics of the Southern leaders, it would have held a majority in the House as great as that of 1875–76. But in the earlier period the chief centres of Democratic power were still mad and hopeful with rebellion. Texas, Georgia, and Mississippi were represented in 1863 only in the insurgent armies and the Confederate Congress. If their Democratic politicians aspired to go to Washington at all, it was with arms in their hands to rob the national Treasury, or to overthrow LINCOLN. And hence in the Thirty-eighth Congress the Democrats were still in a minority. Their Southern allies had not yet been able, as in the Forty-fourth, to introduce into the national councils the policy of TOOMBS and DAVIS. And Messrs. HOLMAN, RANDALL, WOOD, COX, and KERNAN, who then, as now, led the assault upon the Union armies, Union officials, or the Union policy, were held in salutary check by the small preponderance of the Republicans.

They had been elected to office by a series of national disasters. In the autumn of 1862 defeat seemed the necessary lot of the Union commanders. Panic and dismay spread through commercial circles. There seemed not sufficient energy in the government to revive itself; and the activity of the emissaries of the insurgents in all the Northern cities was singularly effective. The chief Irish Catholic leaders of New York openly defended slavery, and demanded the overthrow of the administration. The draft riots in New York, which happened a year later, were almost the necessary result of the teachings of Democratic politicians. What, indeed, could be expected from a great Irish Catholic population but rebellion when its chief leaders and oracles declared the Enrollment Act "un-American and unnecessary," the abolition of slavery a violation of the Constitution, and LINCOLN a despot or a knave? The election of 1862 had been carried on upon extreme principles; and Messrs. COX, the two WOODS, HOLMAN of Indiana, S. J. RANDALL, KERNAN, and their associates had found themselves borne into power by a strong majority that seemed to represent the feeling of the North. It would be easy to show that even in 1862 this majority was an unreal one, and that the people were already resolved to destroy slavery and restore the Union in spite of Messrs. COX, WOOD, and RANDALL. But the Democratic leaders were blind to all the swift evidences of progress. They clung to slavery with a rigid tenacity. Without slavery, they contended, the Constitution was lost and the people cheated of a just privilege. Through all the year of doubt that followed their election they traced every Union disaster to the miserable policy of the administration, which still insisted upon waging war upon the principles of universal freedom. "May the Almighty pardon me for the sin I then committed," said Mr. FERNANDO WOOD when, at a later period, he was reminded of the fact that he had once aided in raising what was known as the "Mozart Regiment." Mr. KERNAN was scarcely less explicit. The Democratic leaders came into the Thirty-eighth Congress in 1863 unrepentant and unwilling to obey the voice of the people.

But already they might hear the ominous sound of the angry nation. Left far behind by the tide of popular progress, they had seen the whole country rise in defense of the Union, and the people resolve, laying aside all other labors, to give no rest to rebellion, no respite to slavery. The small Republican majority in the Thirty-eighth Congress, which might have been overborne by a continued succession of disasters, was now sustained by the omens of victory. Vicksburg, New Orleans, and Gettysburg had shown the weakness of the rebellion. In vain Messrs. DAVIS, WOOD, KERNAN, and COX in doleful tones foretold the national ruin, or vainly they pronounced liberty lost and the Constitution shattered. The swift intelligence of the people saw that union and independence were again to be won by no common struggle; that they must spare no enemy and pardon no opposition. The Republican Representatives of the Thirty-eighth Congress felt that they must reflect the national impulse. It was a Congress of rare vigor, of high intellectual power, of generous and patriotic feeling. One can not even now read its animated yet orderly debates, in the midst of the tumult of war and the secret embers of treason, the bitter taunts of a desperate opposition and the dangerous policy of the Democratic leaders, without an intense sympathy and a real concern. Like some grave tragedy, except for its ending, or through it, the picture carries us along wrapt in awe to the fatal catastrophe. The death of LINCOLN amidst the triumph of freedom closes the tragic scene.

The Thirty-eighth Congress engaged in the solution of problems that nearly a hundred years before had employed the attention of the founders of the republic. SAMUEL ADAMS, JEFFERSON, and LEE would gladly have extirpated slavery had not slavery overpowered them. The principle of popular sovereignty which they had inaugurated was as yet overborne by a rigid aristocracy at the South. The people had never yet met in council to decide upon the affairs of the nation. They were now, in 1863, for the first time united. To perform their will the government and Congress decided the most important problems of the age. The chief measures of this memorable assembly were the enforcement of the draft, the abolition of slavery with all its consequences, the tariff and revenue system, the suppression of treason at the North, and the planting of new principles at the South. And to every one of these necessary and remedial measures the Democratic leaders offered a bold and bitter opposition. It is not necessary to impute to these gentlemen any treasonable connection with the government at Richmond, or to doubt that they were sincerely anxious to restore the Union. But had Messrs. RANDALL, HOLMAN, WOOD, COX, and others even less patriotic been the hired agents of DAVIS and LEE, they could scarcely in any way have done the Confederacy a greater service. They never ceased crying out that the struggle must end in the utter defeat of the Union armies. Said the desponding FERNANDO WOOD (*Congressional Globe*, June 28, 1864), indignant and enraged, of the war, "It is wrong in its objects, destructive in its tendencies, and must fail of restoring the Union. Sir, the whipping will not be done. Sir, the people are tired of the war." In the same debate Mr. KERNAN, more reticent than his colleague, clothed his real opinions in a casuistical verbiage. He gently reproved Mr. WOOD for his incautious language, but he exclaimed, with unusual candor, "The people of the North will fight to maintain the Union, but they will not wage war to impose their views as to local institutions on the people of any one State." Mr. KERNAN knew at least that this was the ultramontane feeling, and that his constituents were not willing to advance human liberty; that they would fight for slavery and DAVIS rather than set the colored race free. Mr. COX joined in the "lamentable lay" of his associates. He forgot that he had once described in ardent language the sermon of a colored priest at Rome, and celebrated the liberality of the Papal Church—apparently an early object of his affections—because it permitted in its pulpits no distinction of race or color. And Messrs. HOLMAN and RANDALL in a long series of divisions are always found voting with Messrs. COX and WOOD.

Dangerous and disastrous indeed to the Union cause was the policy of the Democratic leaders. In that delicate and doubtful hour when the fate of nations hung upon the popular impulse, when the armies of freedom were engaged in their painful and perilous labor, every word uttered by Messrs. WOOD and COX, every vote delicately aimed by Messrs. KERNAN, HOLMAN, and RANDALL, to the discomfiture of the national movement, was a sword of fire in the hands of the foe. Richmond rejoiced and DAVIS took courage when they were assured by the Democratic faction that they never would be conquered. They still clung to the notion, so constantly asserted in Congress, that the people were "tired of the war." Month after month they prolonged the idle struggle. Millions of money were wasted, an enormous debt was heaped up, countless lives were lost, the happiness of nations sacrificed, because the powerful Democratic minority in the Thirty-eighth Congress refused to consent to the necessary measures of repression, and stood on the side of the enemies of labor and of progress. They opposed the abolition of slavery and the repeal of the Fugitive Slave Law, the tariff, the conscription, the arrest of traitors, the punishment of treason. They contended with a wonderful courage and persistency for the perpetuation of human bondage. The working-men of Europe and America saw in our civil contest the conflict that must decide their own condition in society, must condemn labor to a servile and degraded position, or raise it to the front of progress. If slavery triumphed in America, they felt that the hopes of the laboring classes in Europe would have met with a fatal check, and be crushed for many a year. If freedom won the victory, the industrious and the frugal in every land might look for honor and command. And hence the working-men of Lancashire and of London, of Frankfort and Berlin, lent their accumulated earnings to LINCOLN'S Treasury, or at least heard with joy of the fall of Vicksburg and the victories of GRANT.

For the defeat of these just aspirations in 1863 Messrs. HOLMAN, RANDALL, WOOD, COX, and KERNAN had allied themselves. Perhaps unconsciously, it was their single aim, and one which they followed with intense tenacity, to inflict a lasting mortification upon the working-men of Europe and America. Labor, they were resolved, should still walk in chains, and the teachings of a century of progress be reversed at the command of a barbarous minority. EUGENE LAWRENCE.

CRIPPS, THE CARRIER.

BY R. D. BLACKMORE,

AUTHOR OF "THE MAID OF SKER," "LORNA DOONE," "ALICE LORRAINE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXVII.

RATS.

MEANWHILE at Shotover Grange, as well as at poor old Beckley Barton, trouble was prevailing and the usual style of things upset. Russel Overshute, though not beloved by every body (because of his strong will and words), was at any rate thought much of, and would be sadly missed by all. All the women of the household made an idol of him. He spoke so kindly, and said "thank you," when many men would have grunted; and he did not seem to be aware of any padlocked bar of humanity betwixt him and his "inferiors." At the same time he took no liberty any more than he invited it; and his fine appearance and strength of readiness made him look the master.

The men, on the other hand, were not sure of their sorrow to see less of him. He had always kept a keen eye upon them, as the master of a large house ought to do; and he always bore in mind the great truth that men on the whole are much lazier than women. Still, even the worst man about the place, while he freely took advantage of the present sweet immunity, would have been sorry to hear of a thing which might drive him to seek for another place.

But what were all these, even all put together, in the weight of their feelings, to compare with the mother of young Overshute? Many might cry, but none would mourn; nobody could have any right to mourn, except herself, his mother. This was her son, and her only hope. If it pleased the Lord to rob her of him, He might as well take her soon afterward, without any more to-do.

This middle-aged lady was not pious, and made no pretense to be so. Her opinion was that the Lord awarded things according to what people do, and left them at liberty to carry on, without any great interference. She knew that she always had been superfluously able to manage her own affairs; and to hear weak ladies going on and on, about the will of the Lord, and so forth, sometimes was a trial to her manners and hospitality. In this terrible illness of her son, she had plenty of self-command, but very little resignation. With stern activity and self-devotion, she watched him by day and by night so jealously, that the nurses took offense and, fearing contagion, kept their distance, though they drew their wages.

This was the time to show what stuff both men and women were made of. Fair-weather visitors, and delightful gossips, and the most devoted friends, stood far aloof from the tainted gale, and fumigated their letters. The best of them sent their grooms to the lodge, with orders to be very careful, and to be sure to use tobacco during the moment of colloquy. Others had so much faith that every thing would be ordered for the best, that they went to the sea-side at once, to be delivered from presumption. Many saw a visitation for some secret sin, that otherwise might have festered inwardly and destroyed the immortal part. Of course they would not even hint that he could have murdered Grace Oglander; nothing was further from their thoughts; the idea was much too terrible. Still, there were many things that long had called for explanation—and none had been afforded.

Leaving these to go their way, a few kind souls came fluttering to the house of pestilence and death. Two house-maids, and the boy who cleaned the servants' shoes, had been struck down, and never rose again, except with very cautious liftings into their last narrow cells. The disease had spread from their master; and their constitutions were not like his. Also the senior footman and the under-cook were in their beds; but the people who had their work to do believed them to be only shamming.

The master, however, still fought on, without any knowledge of the conflict. His mind was beyond all the guidance of will, and afar from its wonted subjects. It roved among clouds that had long blown away; nebules of logic, dialectic fogs, and thunder-storms of enthymeme, the pelting of soritic hail, and all the other perturbed condition of under-graduate weather. In these things, unlike his friend Hardenow, he had never taken delight, and now they rose up to avenge themselves. At other times the poor fellow lay in depths of deepest lethargy, voiceless, motionless, and almost breathless. None but his mother would believe sometimes that he was not downright dead and gone.

Of course Mrs. Overshute had called in the best advice to be had from the whole of the great profession of medicine. The roughness of the Abernethy school was still in vogue with country doctors; as even now some of it may be found in a craft which ought to be gentle in proportion to its helplessness. With timid people this roughness goes a long way toward creating faith, and makes them try to get better for fear of being insulted about it. In London, however, this Centauric school of medicine had not thriven, when the rude Nessus could not heal himself. A soft and soothing and genial race of Æsculapians arose; the "vis medicatrix naturæ" was exalted and fed with calves' feet; and the hand of velvet and the tongue of silver commended and sweetened the pill of bread.

At the head of this pleasing and amiable band (who seldom either killed or cured) was the famous Sir Anthony Thistledown. This was the great physician who had been invoked from London—to the strong disgust of Splinters, then the foremost light at Oxford—when Squire Oglander was seized with his very serious illness. And now Sir Anthony did his best, with the aid of the reconciled Splinters, to soothe away death from the weary couch of the last of the race of Overshute.

"A pretty story I've a-heer'd in Oxford to-day; make me shamed it doth," said Zachary Cripps to his sister Etty, while he smoked his contemplative pipe by the fire of Stow logs one cold and windy April evening. "What do you think they've a-been and doed?"

"Who and where, Zac? How can I tell?" Esther was busy trimming three rashers before she put them into the frying-pan. "I really do believe you expect me to know every body that comes to your thoughts quite as if it was my own mind."

"Well, so you ought," said the carrier. "The women nowadays are so sharp, no man can have his own mind to hisself. But anyhow you ought to know that I mean up to poor Worship Overshute's. Ah, a fine young gentleman as ever lived. Seemeth to be no more than last night as he sat in that there chair and said the queerest thing as ever were said by a Justice of the county bench."

"What do you mean, Zac? I never heard him say any thing but was kind and proper, and a credit to him."

"Might be proper, or might not. But anyhow 'twere impossible. Did a' tell me, or did a' not, he would try to go a-poaching. When folk begins to talk like that, 'tis sign of the ill come over them. Ah's me, 'tis little he'll ever do of poaching, or shutting, or riding to hounds, or tasting again of my best bottle. Bad enough job it be about old Squire, but he be an old man in a way of speaking. Well, the Lord He knoweth best, and us be all in the hollow of His hand. But he were a fine young fellow; as fine a young fellow as ever I see; and not a bit of pride about 'un."

Sadly reflecting, the carrier stopped his pipe with a twig from the fire-place, and gazed at the soot, because his eyes were bright.

"But what were you going to tell me?" asked Etty, bringing her brother back to his subject, as she often was obliged to do.

"Railly, I be a'most ashamed to tell 'ee. For such a thing to come to pass in our own county, and a'most the same parish, and only two turnpike gates atween. What do 'ee think of every soul in that there house running right away, wi'out no notice, nor so much as 'good-by!' One and all on 'em, one and all; so I were told by a truthful man. And the poor old leddy with her dying son, and not a single blessed woman for to make the pap!"

"I never can believe that they would be such cowards," Etty answered, as she left her work and came to look at Zachary. "Men might, but women never, I should hope. And such a kind good house it is! Oh, Zac, it must be a wicked story!"

"It is true enough, Etty, and too true. As I was a-coming home I seed five on 'em standing all together under the elms by Magdalen College. Their friends would not take them in, I was told, and nobody wouldn't go nigh 'em. Perhaps they were sorry they had doed it then."

"The wretches! They ought to sleep out in the rain, without even a pig-sty for shelter! Now, Zac, I never do any thing without you; but to Shotover Grange I go to-night, unless you bar the door on me; and if you do, I will get out of window."

"Esther, I never heer'd tell of such a thing. If you was under a duty, well and good; but to fly into the face of the Lord like that, without no call upon you—"

"There is a call upon me!" she answered, flushing with calm resolution; "it is the Lord that calls me, Zac, and He will send me back again. Now you shall have your supper, while you think it over quietly. I will not go without your leave, brother; but I am sure you will give it when you come to think."

The carrier, while he munched his bacon and drank his quart of home-brewed ale, was, in his quiet mind, more troubled than he had ever been before, or, at any rate, since he used to pass the tent of young Cinnaminta. That was the one great romance of his life, and since he had quelled it with his sturdy strength, and looked round the world as usual, scarcely any trouble worse than pence and half-pence had been on him. From week to week, and year to year, he had worked a cheerful road of life, breathing the fine air, looking at the sights, feeling as little as need be felt the influence of nature, making new friends all along his beat even quicker than the old ones went their way, carrying on a very decent trade, highly respecting the powers that be, and highly respected by them. But now he found suddenly brought before him a matter for consideration, which, in his ordinary state of mind, would have circulated for a fortnight. Precipitance of mind to him was worse than driving down a quarry; his practice had always been, and now it was become his habit, to turn every question inside out and upside down, and across and across, and finger every seam of it (as if he were buying a second-hand sack), ere ever he began to trust his weight to any side of it. To do all this required some hours with a mind so unelectric, and even after that he liked to have a good night's sleep, and find the core of his resolve set hard in the morning.

For this due process there was now no time. He dared not even to begin it, knowing that it could not be wrought out; therefore he betook himself to a plan which once before had served him well. After groping in the bottom of a sacred pocket (where sample beans and scarlet runners got into the loops of keys, and bits of whip-

cord were wound tightly round old turnpike tickets, and a little shoe-maker's awl in a cork kept company with a shoe-pick), Master Cripps with his blunt-headed fingers got hold of a crooked sixpence. The bend alone would have only conferred a simple charm upon it, but when to the bend there was added a hole, that sixpence became Delphic. Cripps had consulted it once before when a quick-tempered farmer hurried him concerning the purchase of a rick of hay. The carrier had no superstition, but he greatly abounded with gratitude; and, having made a great hit about that rick, the least he could do to the sixpence was to consult it again under similar hurry.

He said to himself, "Now the Lord send me right. If you comes out heads, little Etty shall go; if you comes out tails, I shall take it for a sign that we ought to turn tails in this here job."

He said no more, but with great extrication worked his oracular sixpence up through a rattle of obstructions. Like the lots cast in a steep-headed man's helmet, up came the sixpence reluctantly.

"I have a-got 'ee. Now what dost thou say?" cried Cripps, with the triumph of an obstinate man. "Never a lie hast thou told me yet. Spake up, little fellow." Being thus adjured, the crooked sixpence, in gratitude for much friction, gleamed softly in the fire-light; but even the carrier, keen as his eyes were, could not make out head or tail. "Vetch me a can'le and the looking-glass," he called out to Esther, the looking-glass being a large old lens which had been left behind by Hardenow. Esther brought both in about half a minute; and Cripps, with the little coin sternly sitting as flatly in his palm as its form allowed, began to examine it carefully. With one eye shut, as if firing a gun, he tried the lens at every distance from a foot to half an inch, shifting the candle about until some of his frizzly hair took fire, and with this assistance he exclaimed at last, "Heads, child!—heads it is! Thou shalt go; the will of the Lord ordaineth it. Plaize the Lord to send thee back safe and sound as now thou goest. None on us, to my knowledge, has done aught to deserve to be punished for."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

BOOTS ON.

WHEN a very active man is suddenly "laid by the heels," sad as the dispensation is, there are sure to be some who rejoice in it, even if it be only a zealous clerk, sausage-maker, or grave-digger, thus upset in his activities; there are one or two compeers who rejoice in the heart while they deeply lament with the lip. Not that they have the very smallest atom of ill-will about them. They are thoroughly good-hearted fellows, as are nine men out of every ten; and within, as well as without, they would grieve to hear that their valued friend was dead.

Still, for the moment, and while we believe, as every body does about every body else, that he is sure as a top to come round again, it is a relief to have this busy fellow just out of the way a bit; and there is an inward hugging of the lazier spirit at the thought that the restless one will have received a lesson, and be pulled back to a milder state. Be this view of the matter either true or false, in a general way, at least in this particular instance (the illness of Russel Overshute) some of it seemed to apply right well.

There was no one who wished him positive death, not even of those whom he had most justly visited with the tread-mill; but there were several who were not sorry to hear of this check to his energies; and foremost among them might be counted Mr. Luke Sharp and the great John Smith.

Mr. John Smith had surprised his friends, and disappointed the entire public, by finding out nothing at all about any thing after his one great discovery, made with the help of the British army. For some cause or other, best known to himself, he had dropped his indefatigability and taken to very gravo shakes of his head instead of nimble footings. He feigned to be very busy still with this leading case of the neighborhood; but though his superiors might believe it, his underlings were not to be misled. All of these knew whether Mr. John was launching thunder-bolts or throwing dust, and were well aware that he had quite taken up with the latter process in the Beckley case.

Why, or even exactly when, this change had occurred, they did not know, only they were sure that the reason lay deep in the pocket of Mr. Smith; which conclusion, as we shall see, did no more honor to their heads than to their hearts.

But still, whatever his feelings were, or his desires in the matter, the resolute face and active step of this intelligent officer were often to be seen and heard at Beckley; and to several persons in the village they were becoming welcome. Numbers Cripps, the butcher, was moved with gentle good-will toward him, having heard what a fine knife and fork he played, and finding it true in the Squire's bill. Also Phil Hiss of the Dusty Anvil found the fame of this gentleman telling on his average receipts; and several old women, who had some time back made up their accounts for a better world, and were taking the interest in scandal, hailed with delight this unexpected bonus and true premium. To mention young spinsters would be immoral, for none of them had any certainty whether there was or was not any Mrs. John Smith. Rustic modesty forbade that the carrier should be asked to settle this great point directly. Still, there were methods of letting him know how desirable any information was.

At all these symptoms of renown, when brought to his knowledge, Mr. Smith only smiled and shook his head. He had several good reasons of his own for haunting the village as he did; one of them being that he thus obeyed the general orders he had received. Also he really liked the Squire, his victuals, and his domestics. Among these latter he had quite outlived any little prejudice created by his early manner; and even Mary Hookham was now inclined to use him as an irritant, or stimulant, for the lukewarm Cripps. But being a sharp and quick young woman, Mary took care not to go too far.

"How is the fine old gentleman now, Mary, my love?—how is he?" Mr. Smith asked, as he pulled off his cloak in the lobby, just after church time, and just before early dinner-time, on the morrow of that Saturday night when Esther set off for Shotover. Although it was spring, she had not gone alone, but had taken a son of the butcher with her: the effect of that quarry scene on her nerves would last as long as she did.

Mary was bound not to answer Mr. Smith whenever he spoke in that festive way. That much had been settled betwixt her and her mother, remembering what a place Beckley was. But she did all her duty, as a good maid should, in the way of receiving a visitor. She took his cloak from him, and she hung it on a hook—most men wore a cloak just then for walking, whether it were wet or dry, and part of the coming "Tractarian movement" was to cast away that cloak—and then Mary saw on the feathery collar a leaf-bud that threatened to become a moth, according to her entomology. This she picked out, with a "shoo" and a "shish" as she trod it under foot; and Mr. John Smith, having terror of insects, and being a very clean man, recoiled just when he was thinking of stealing a kiss. This little piece of business placed them on their proper terms again.

"How is your master, Miss Hookham? I hope you find him getting better. Every thing now is looking up again?"

"No, Mr. Smith; he is very sadly. Thanking you, Sir, for inquiring of him. He do seem a little better one day, and we all begins to hope and hope, and then there come something all over him again, the same as might be this here cloak, Sir, thrown on the head of that there stick. But come in and see him, Mr. Smith, if you please. I thought it was the rector when you rang. But master will be glad to see you every bit the same as if you was, no doubt."

John Smith, who was never to be put down by any small comparisons, followed quick Mary with a steadfast march over the quiet matting. Potters, with their broken shards, had not yet made it a trial to walk, and a still greater trial to look downward, on the road to dinner. In the long old-fashioned dining-room sat the Squire at the head of his table. For many years it had been his wont to have an early dinner on Sunday, with a knife and fork always ready for the parson, who was a bachelor of middle age. The parson came, or did not come, according to his own convenience, without ceremony or apology.

"I beg you to excuse," said the Squire, rising, as Smith was shown into the room, "my absence from church this morning, Mr. Warbelow. I had quite made up my mind to go, and every thing was quite ready, when I did not feel quite so well as usual, and was ordered to stay at home."

Squire Oglander made his fine old-fashioned bow when he had spoken, and held out his hand for the rector to take it, as the rector always did, with eyes that gave a look of grief and then fell, and weak lips that murmured that all things were ordered for the best. But instead of the parson's gentle clasp, the Squire, whose sight was beginning to fail together with his other faculties, was saluted with a strong rough grasp, and a gaze from entirely unclerical eyes.

"How is your Worship? Well nicely, I hope. Charming you look, Sir, as ever I see."

"Sir, I thank you. I am in good health. But I have not the honor of remembering your name."

"Smith, your Worship—John Smith, at your service; as he was the day before yesterday. 'Out of sight out of mind,' the old saying is. I suppose you find it so, Sir!"

With this home-thrust, delivered quite unwittingly, Mr. Smith sat down. His opinion was that her Majesty's service leveled all distinctions. Mr. Oglander gave him one glance, like the keen look of his better days, and then turned away and gazed round the room for something out of sight, but never likely to be out of mind. The old man was weak, and knew his weakness. In the presence of a gentleman he might have broken down and wept, and been much better for it; but before a man of this sort, not a sign would he let out of the sorrow that was killing him.

It had been settled by all doctors, when the Squire was in his first illness, that nothing should be said by Smith, or any one else (without great cause), about the trouble which was ever in the heart of all the house. Nothing, at least, to the Squire himself, for fear of exciting him fatally. Little rumors might be filtered through the servants toward him; especially through Mother Hookham, who put hopeful grains of Paradise into the heavy beer of fact. Such things did the old man good. His faith in the Lord, when beginning to flag, was renewed by fibs of this good old woman; and each confirmed the other.

In former days he would have resented and nipped in the bud—kind-hearted as he was—John Smith's familiarity. But now he had no heart to care about any of such trifles. He begged Mr. Smith to take a chair, quite as if he were waiting to be invited; then, weak as he was, he tottered to the bell-pull, rather than ask his guest to ring. John Smith jumped up to help, but felt uncertain what good manners were.

"Mary," said the Squire, when Mary came, "you always look out of the window, I think, to see the people come out of church."

"Never, Sir—never! Except whenever I feels wicked not to a' been there myself. Such time it seemeth to do me good; like smelling of the good words over there."

"Yes, that is very right. All I want to know is whether Mr. Warbelow is coming up here."

"No, Sir; not this time, I believe. He seemed to have got a young lady with 'un, as wore a blue cloak with three slashes to the sleeve, and a bonnet with yellow French roses in it, and a striped skirt made of the very same stuff as I seed in to Cavell's—no, not Cavell's—t'other shop over the way, round the corner; likewise her had—"

"Then, Mary, bring in the dinner, if you please. This gentleman will dine with me, instead of Mr. Warbelow."

"Well, now, if I ever did!" Miss Hookham exclaimed to herself in the passage. "Why, a' must be a sort of a gentleman! Master wouldn't dine along of Master Cripps; but to my mind Zac be the gentleman afore he."

The Squire's oblique little sarcasm—if sarcasm at all it were—failed to hit Mr. Smith altogether; he cordially accepted plate and spoon, and fell to at the soup, which was excellent. The soup was followed by a fine sirloin; whereupon Mr. Oglander, through some association of ideas, could not suppress a little sigh.

"Never sigh at your meat, Sir," cried Mr. Smith. "Give me the carving knife, Sir, if you are unequal to the situation. To sigh at such a sirloin—oh, fie! oh, fie!"

"I was thinking of some one who always used to like the brown," the old man said, in the simplest manner, as if an apology were needed.

"Well, Sir, I like the brown very much. I will put it by for myself, Sir, and help you to an inner slice. Here, Mary, a plate for your master! Quick! Every thing will be cold, my goodness! And who sliced this horse-radish, pray? for slicing it is, not scraping."

Mary was obliged to bite her tongue to keep it in any way mannersome; when the door was thrown open, and in came her mother, with her face quite white, and both hands stretched on high.

"Oh, my! oh, my! a sin I call it—a wicked, cruel, sinful sin!" Widow Hookham exclaimed as soon as she could speak. "All over the village! all over the parish, in two days' time at the latest it will be! Oh, how could your Worship allow of it!"

"Give your mamma a glass of wine, my dear," said Mr. John Smith, as the widow fell back, with violent menace of fainting, or worse; while the poor Squire, expecting some new blow, folded his tremulous hands to receive it. "Take a good drink, ma'am, and then relieve your system."

"That Cripps! oh, that Cripps!" exclaimed Mrs. Hookham, as soon as the wine, which first "went the wrong way," had taken the right direction; "if ever a darter of mine hath Cripps, in spite of two stockings of money they say—"

"What is it about Cripps?" asked the Squire, in a voice that required an immediate answer. The first news of his trouble had come through Cripps; and now, in his helpless condition, he always connected the name of the carrier with the solution, if one there should be.

"He hath done a thing he ought to be ashamed on," screamed Mrs. Hookham, with such excitement that they were forced to give her another glass of wine; "he hath brought into this parish, and the buzzum of his family, pestilence and death, he hath. And who be he to do such a thing, a road-faring, two-penny carrier?"

"Cripps charges a good deal more than twopence," said Mr. Oglander, quietly; for his hopes and fears were once more postponed.

"He hath brought the worst load ever were brought," cried the widow, growing eloquent. "Black death, and the plague, and the murrain of Egypt hath come in through Cripps the carrier. How much will he charge Beckley, your Worship? How much shall Beckley pay him, when she mourneth for her children? when she spreadeth forth her hands and seeketh north and south, and can not find them, because they are not?"

"What is it, good woman?" cried Smith, impatiently; "what is all this uproar? do tell us, and have done with it."

"Good man," replied Widow Hookham, tartly, "my words are addressed to your betters, Sir. Your Worship knoweth well that Master Kale hath leave and license for his Sunday dinner; ever since his poor wife died, he sitteth with a knife and fork to the right side of our cook-maid. He were that genteel, I do assure you, although his appearance bespeaketh it not, and city gents may look down on him; he had such a sense of propriety, not a word did he say all the time of dinner to raise an objection to the weakest stomach. But as soon as he see that all were done, and the parlor dinner forward, he layeth his finger on his lips, and looketh to me as the prime authority; and when I ask him to speak out, no secrets being among good friends, what he said were a deal too much for me, or any other Christian person."

"Well, well, ma'am, if your own dinner was respected, you might have showed some respect for ours," Mr. Smith exclaimed, very sadly, beholding the gravy in the channeled dish margined with grease, and the noble sirloin weeping with lost opportunity. But Mr. Oglander took no notice. To such things he was indifferent now.

"To keep the mind dwelling upon earthly victuals," the widow replied, severely, "on the Lord's day, and with the day of the Lord a-hanging special over us—such things is beyond me to deal with, and calls for Mr. Warbelow. Carrier Cripps hath sent his sister over to nurse Squire Overshute."

John Smith pretended to be busy with his beef, but Mary, who made a point of watching whatever he did (without well knowing why), startled as she was by her mother's words, this girl had her quick eyes upon his face, and was sure that it lost color, as the carved sirloin of beef had done from the trickling of the gravy.

"Overshute! nurse Mr. Overshute!" cried the Squire, with great astonishment. "Why, what ails Mr. Overshute? It is a long time since I have seen him, and I thought that he had perhaps forgotten me. He used to come very often, when—but who am I to tempt him? When my darling was here, in the time of my darling, every body came to visit me; now nobody comes, and, of course, it is right. There is nobody for them to look at now, and no one to make them laugh a little. Ah, she used to make them laugh, till I was quite jealous, I do believe; not of myself, bless your heart! but of her, because I never liked her to have too much to say to any body, unless it was one who could understand her. And nobody ever turned up that was able, in any way, to understand her, except her poor old father, Sir."

The Squire, at the end of this long speech (which had been a great deal too much for him) stood up, and flourished his fork, which should have been better employed in feeding him, and looked from face to face, in fear that he had made himself ridiculous. Nobody laughed at him, or even smiled; and he was pleased with this, and resolved never to give such occasion again; because it would have shamed him so. And, after all, it was his own business. None of these people could have any idea, and he hoped they never might have. By this time his mind was dropping softly into some confusion, and feeling it so, he sat down again, and drank the glass of wine which Mary Hookham kindly held for him.

For a few minutes Mr. John Smith had his flourish (to let both the women be sure who he was), all about the Queen, and the law of the land, and the jurisdiction of the Bench, and he threatened the absent Cripps with three months' imprisonment, and perhaps the tread-mill. He knew that he was talking unswept rubbish, but his audience was female. They listened to him without leaving off their work; and their courage increased as his did.

But presently Mr. Oglander, who had seemed to be taking a nap, arose, and said, as clearly as ever he had said any thing in his clearest days,

"Mary, go and tell Charles to put the saddle on the mare at once."

"Oh lor', Sir! whatever are you thinking of? Lor' a massy, Sir, I couldn't do it—I couldn't. You ain't a-been a-horseback for nigh four months, and your orders is to keep quiet in your chair, and not even look out o' winder, Sir. Do 'ee plaize to go into your slippers, Sir."

"I will not go into my slippers, Mary. I will go into my boots. I hear that Mr. Overshute is ill, and I gather from what you have all been saying that his illness is of such a kind that nobody will go near him. I have wronged the young gentleman bitterly, and I will do my best to right myself. If I never do another thing, I will ride to Shotover this day. Order the mare, as I tell you, and the air will do me good, please God!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE most infallible way of preventing a kitchen door from creaking is said to be to engage a servant-girl whose sweetheart comes to the house to see her.

Dandies and nanny-goats never fail to pride themselves upon their kids.

What would this world be without a woman?—A perfect blank—like a sheet of paper—not even *ruled*.

How many common figurative expressions in our language are borrowed from the art of carpentry may be seen in the following sentence: "The lawyer who filed a bill, shaved a note, cut an acquaintance, split a hair, made an entry, got up a case, framed an indictment, impaneled a jury, put them into a box, bailed a witness, hammered a judge, and bored a whole court, all in one day, has since laid down law and turned carpenter."

A DECIDED MISTAKE.—A friend who is in the habit of breakfasting at a coffee-house has made the discovery that the old adage, "Nothing like leather," is a great mistake. He says that the steaks he gets every morning are very much like it.

"Then I'll bring a suit for my bill," said an enraged tailor to a dandy who refused to pay him. "Do, my dear fellow," replied the imperturbable swell, pointing to his threadbare clothes; "that's just what I want."

"Isn't your hat sleepy?" inquired a little urchin of a gentleman with a "shocking bad" one. "No; why?" inquired the gentleman. "Because I think it's a long time since it had a *nap*," was the answer.

"Mother," said Ike Partington, "did you know that the 'Iron Horse' has but one ear?" "One ear! merciful gracious, child, what do you mean?" "Why, the engin-ear, of course."

"My wife tells the truth three times a day," remarked a jocose old fellow, at the same time casting a very mischievous glance at her. "Before rising in the morning she says, 'Oh dear! I must get up, but I don't want to.' After breakfast she adds, 'Well, I suppose I must go to work, but I don't want to;' and she goes to bed saying, 'There! I have been passing all day, and haven't done any thing.'"

NO DOUBT OF IT.—What is the centre of gravity?—The letter V.

SLIGHTLY AMBIGUOUS.—In a country church-yard there is the following epitaph: "Here lie the bodies of James Robinson and Ruth his wife;" and underneath this text, "Their warfare is accomplished."

BOTH WAYS OF IT.—Dr. Clarke, the commentator, said, "Strong drink is not only the devil's way into a man, but also man's way to the devil."

"No man was better inoculated to prejudge pork than my husband was," says Mrs. Partington; "he knew what good hogs were, he did, for he had been brought up with 'em from his childhood."

What is the principal difference between the swallow and the cat?—It is an admitted fact that "one swallow does not make a summer," but one cat can make a spring.

A little Idaho three-year-old fell into a well recently where the water was only six inches deep, and remained there some time before he was discovered. When he was finally rescued his pent-up indignation knew no bounds. There was crying about it, and such a volley of invectives upon the heads of neglectful parents never before fell from childish lips. Here is a sample: "You fink I kin tay in a well wifout noffin to eat, like a f'og? 'Fy wasn't no better fader'n mudder'n 'ou, I'd do wifout children!"

ROYAL GAM —[SEE PAGE

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ROYAL GAME.

In no region close to civilization can the enthusiastic sportsman find more varied and noble game than in he northwestern provinces of India, where roams the magnificent royal Bengal tiger, the very king of beasts. Our double-page illustration shows him as he appears at home, in one of the dense jungles, whence, when pressed by hunger, he issues forth on his marauding expeditions. Few people have any idea of the number of human lives annually destroyed by this ferocious and blood-thirsty animal. In 1869 one tigress was reported to have killed 127 people, and to have stopped a public road for many weeks. Similarly, in 1868, the magistrate of Godavery reported that "that part of the country was overrun with tigers, every village having suffered from the ravages of man-eaters." On another occasion thirteen villages were deserted, and 250 square miles of country were thrown out of cultivation through the havoc made by a single tigress. And according to the reports of the British government during the six years ending with 1866, 4218 lives were lost through these beasts. It is little wonder that an English sportsman is hailed with joy in these districts. He becomes a second St. George, sent to deliver the people from their scourge.

In describing a tiger it is fair to say of him that he is nothing more nor less than a huge cat, with power and ferocity excessively developed. Travelers sleeping in their tents may hear one calling to its mate in the neighboring jungles, till night is made hideous by their amatory growls and roarings, just as their diminutive congeners on American house-tops serenade the moon, and provoke exasperated auditors to dislodge them with whatever missile comes first to hand. The crowning point of a cat's ferocity and delight in bloodshed is arrived at in the royal tiger. When not raging with hunger, he appears to derive the same pleasure from playing with his victim that the former shows in tormenting a mouse. He will gambol around a buffalo as if enjoying his alarm; and when the affrighted animal, in mad despair, feebly attempts to butt at his remorseless foe, the tiger bounds lightly over his head, and recommences his gambols on the other side. At last, as if he had succeeded in creating an appetite for his dinner, he crushes the skull of his victim with one blow of his powerful forepaw, and commences his bloody meal. The following story is told of an unfortunate hunter, who, having attacked a tiger on foot, succeeded in wounding but not killing the beast: "It charged, and seized him by the loins on one side, gave him a fierce shake or two, dropped him, and then seizing him upon the other side, repeated the shaking, and again dropping him, disappeared. His beaters had escaped up trees or elsewhere meanwhile, but when the tiger departed, they came to his aid and carried him to the station. The man suffered no pain, and described how the tiger had seized and worried him. But he sank from the shock and exhaustion within a few hours."

Any one who has ever seen a tiger's skull and examined its formidable canine teeth must wonder how a man can ever escape who has once been gripped in their savage vise. Very seldom does a season pass without the death of some gallant sportsman being reported from a tiger's charge. But the fangs of these creatures are not worse than their terrible claws. As in the cat, these weapons are provided with a curious arrangement of elastic ligaments and muscles, by which they are withdrawn into the foot so as to escape blunting by contact with the ground in walking. These fearful weapons are objects of peculiar care on the part of the tiger. Trees are frequently seen in the jungles scored with long vertical fissures to the height of eight or ten feet from the ground, where tigers have cleansed and sharpened their claws. Some trees are greater favorites than others, and the peepul, or Indian fig, is often disfigured in this manner.

In charging, a tiger will sometimes burst out of a neighboring cover, and with never a swerve pounce upon his prey, his ears laid back, his tail on end, and every feature of his face distorted with diabolical rage. But more often he bears steadily down four or five hundred yards in the open, stopping occasionally and putting his head half over his shoulder, as if to listen for a noise behind him. A most magnificent creature he looks in this position, his head erect, his tail drooping, and the sun glancing from his lustrous yellow skin. This stealthy advance continues until he is within springing distance. Then, with a quick rush and a terrific roar, he dashes his prey to the ground with his powerful arm, and seizing it with his formidable fangs, holds it down until nearly or quite dead, and then drags it away.

At no other time is a tigress so furious as when resenting a real or fancied attack upon her cubs. They are generally two to five in number, and follow their mother, who takes the most anxious care of them, until they are full grown. As soon as they can digest flesh, the mother tigress kills for them, teaching them to provide for themselves by practicing on pigs and deer. She is also often wanton and blood-thirsty, killing simply for the pleasure she has in destroying life. With all her affection for her cubs, however, she has been known to desert and even devour them when hard pressed by hunger.

One of the most curious and at the same time well-attested peculiarities of the tiger is that he does not naturally possess, but easily acquires, a taste for human flesh. At first he seems to bow to that instinctive dread of man which is natural to all animals. The natives are aware of this characteristic, and carry on their avocations as grass-cutters, herdsmen, and fruit-gatherers close to a thicket where a tiger is known to be lying. It is not merely fatalism, as might be supposed, that renders them thus apathetic, but the knowledge that as long as they can procure other food, tigers will not attack men. Even when one of their cattle is struck down, they run up and often frighten the beast from the body of his victim by shouting and beating on the ground with sticks. These herdsmen, too, appear to be armed with what Aristotle calls the courage derived from experience, for they will conduct the sportsman up to the "kill" with fearless confidence. But they will not slay one of these animals themselves, for they hold the tiger, like the cobra, in superstitious reverence. According to one writer, the natives in many parts will avoid mentioning his name save by a variety of periphrases or euphemisms. Their objecting to killing one is grounded on the belief that his spirit will haunt them or do them mischief after death.

Tigers may be roughly divided into three classes: First, those that lead a perfectly wild and retired life in the jungles, feeding only on game. Secondly, those that may be called cattle-lifters; they are large and bulky, compared to the agile little jungle tiger, and usually make their haunts near pastures and waters frequented by cattle. Disregarding the herdsmen, these animals consume an ox in about five days, while a tigress and her cubs demand at least an ox a night. Lastly, the morose brutes which, having once tasted human flesh, turn man-eaters, and sometimes spread terror throughout a whole district before they are destroyed. Confirmed man-eaters, it is said, are frequently old tigers. With failing activity and decaying teeth, they find the easiest way of procuring a meal is to knock down some defenseless villager or incautious postman. After a few murders of this kind, a whole village will frequently pull up stakes and depart, leaving the man-eater master of the situation.

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DEAD MEN'S SHOES:

A Novel.

By MISS BRADDON,

Author of "Hostages to Fortune," "Lady Audley's Secret," "Strangers and Pilgrims," "Taken at the Flood," "A Strange World," etc.

CHAPTER LI.

"BUT HERE IS ONE WHO LOVES YOU AS OF OLD."

Mr. Secretan is not sorry to get away from that quiet, orderly room in the prison, where never comes any sound of outward things more human than the creaking of the warder's boots in the passage, or the ticking of that inexorable clock in the hall—dismal clock that checks off hours that are heavier than lead, minutes whose every moment is a sigh.

Alexis would willingly stay all day with his wife, to lighten the burden of her solitude, to strengthen the fainting heart with words of cheerfulness and comfort, if he had not work to do elsewhere. He has a task to perform, and a difficult one, and he hardly knows how to set about it. He has been careful to ask no questions of Captain Heathcote, feeling that the governor's position must compel him to caution and reticence. He stands as it were upon the opposite side in that game of life and death which has to be played out—the *rouge et noir* of the criminal court. Not to him can Alexis look for information or assistance.

He leaves the prison sorely perplexed as to what his first step should be. At present he knows nothing, save that Stephen Trenchard is supposed to have died from prussic acid, and that Sibyl has confessed to having had a bottle of prussic acid in her possession at Lancaster Lodge.

"We must meet law with law, I suppose," thinks Alexis. "As my wife is in the grip of the law, I must get a lawyer to fight her battle."

He thinks of the names he has seen in connection with the criminal courts—names that have a sound of power—and there is one that comes uppermost in his mind, supereminent and invincible, a shield and buckler in the fight.

This is the legal firm of Levison and Levison, Italia Street, Viaduct Hill.

He goes straight to the telegraph office, and telegraphs to Messrs. Levison and Levison, solicitors, requesting that one of their firm may start for Redcastle that afternoon, a most urgent case, money no object. He feels fortified against danger, in some measure, when he has sent this message, and goes from the station to Dr. Faunthorpe's.

That shabby old house looks a little shabbier and more woe-begone than usual to-day in the vivid sunshine of midsummer. Hester, whose spirits generally maintain an equable acidity, has drooped and given way to absolute despair since the revelation of Stephen Trenchard's insolvency. It seems to her as if the shattered fortunes of the house of Faunthorpe had received the final blow that brings them to the dust. Jerusalem besieged by Titus could hardly have fallen lower. The idea of Stephen Trenchard's fortune—to be divided in some manner among his nieces—had been the faithful servant's one day-dream. She had not set her hopes very high. She had languished for no translation to a loftier sphere; but she had believed that a little money would find its way through his nieces to the pockets of Robert Faunthorpe. She had fancied that the dilapidated old house would be painted and white-washed, some of the worm-eaten flooring replaced with sound wood—new deal—which would repay the labor of her scrubbing-brush. She had pictured her master in a new coat. She had told herself that a few pounds spent upon the pony-carriage would respectabilize that vehicle, and that a new set of harness would make the pony a gentleman. A long arrears of wages due to herself in times past, a sum that would have doubled itself by this time at compound interest, might possibly be paid in that flood tide of fortune; but this last item was one of secondary consideration in the faithful Hester's mind. She wanted to see the family raise its head from the dust. She wanted to feel that the house of Faunthorpe had something of the phenix in its nature. The habits of this fabulous bird have been made familiar to Hester by the fire office which has taken it for its device and emblem.

The disappointment has been very bitter to the doctor's two younger nieces, and Marion lies on the sofa and bewails her fate, and declares rebelliously that she will never more try to deserve well of Providence.

"What's the use of being good?" she demands, with an injured air. "One couldn't be used worse if one was a forger or a murderer. I didn't expect much. Sibyl's artfulness nipped *my* expectations in the bud, but I did build upon getting something, if it was only a paltry five thousand pounds."

Jenny is more philosophical, and more easily reconciled to Fate.

"If he hadn't any money to leave, he couldn't leave it to us," she argues; "but he must have been a sly old fox to make believe to be a millionaire, and take in all Redcastle."

"A wicked old impostor!" exclaims Marion, wrathfully.

"Poor Sibyl's disappointment will be worse than ours," says Jane.

"Yes, that's a comfort. She'll find how she has wasted all her scheming and artfulness on a Jesuitical old pauper. She feels small enough, I should think."

"Perhaps she knew the truth all along, and was laughing in her sleeve at our expectations," suggests Jenny.

"She's deep enough for any thing. However, I forgive her all her baseness now, and pity her with all my heart," says Marion, with a magnanimous air. "She'll find life a very different thing now she's seen the last of Lancaster Lodge."

"I hope she won't get into trouble about that prussic acid," says Jenny, thoughtfully.

And Marion also grows grave. That question about the prussic acid is serious. One might wish one's sister's unholy pride in temporal blessings to be chastised by Providence for her own spiritual chastening and benefit, but one would shrink appalled from the idea of that erring sister lying under a suspicion of having poisoned her uncle. In the first place such an imputation would be too severe a punishment for the offender, and in the second it would cast discredit upon all her family.

"It's my opinion that Uncle Trenchard had spent all his money, and knew he must be found out if he let things go on any longer, and got out of the difficulty by poisoning himself," says Jenny, sagely. "The only thing that's hard to account for is how he could have got hold of the prussic acid that Sibyl took out of the surgery."

"It mightn't have been that very prussic acid that killed him, stupid," exclaims Marion, contemptuously.

"True," says Jenny.

"If you had only held that blabbing tongue of yours, nobody need have known that Sibyl had ever taken any thing out of the surgery," says Marion. "If we are all brought to disgrace, it will be your doing."

Whereat Jenny bursts into tears and weeps dismally for the next half hour. She has shed many a tear about that fatal communicativeness of hers within the last few days.

They are sitting in the front parlor when this conversation takes place, on the morning of Mr. Secretan's arrival in Redcastle, and when Jenny has wept till her eyeballs ache, she wanders listlessly to the window, and stares out at the small square garden, where a few ancient perennials of the larkspur and lupin tribe bloom as well as the dust will allow them. There is not much in the way of traffic at this end of the town. A farmer's cart jolts by once in half an hour, or a laboring-man passes on a plow-horse, or a drove of oxen straggles by hunted by an abusive driver; not often do the *élite* of Redcastle penetrate to this end of the town. There is not much distraction of mind to be obtained from looking out of the window, and Jenny contemplates external things from listlessness rather than interest. But on a sudden, to the surprise of her sister, who has buried herself in a novel, Jenny ejaculates abruptly,

"Good gracious! It's him."

"Whatever our family troubles are, you might remember that the verb to be takes the same case after as before it, Jane," remonstrates Marion, with dignity. "And pray whom do you mean by him?"

"The young man," cries Jane, incautious in her surprise, "my brother-in-law."

"What does the ridiculous child mean?" exclaims Marion, pulling herself up from the sofa with a wrench, and looking out at the gate.

Yes, there is a very good-looking and gentleman-like young man in the act of entering at that modest green gate.

"Why, he's a perfect stranger," says Marion.

"Is he?" remarks Jenny, who has recovered her self-possession by this time; "ah, to be sure, now I look at him, I see he is a stranger. I took him for some one else."

"It's my belief you are demented, child," cries Marion, crossly. "I suppose he's a patient for uncle."

Marion is confirmed in this belief when Mr. Secretan inquires for Dr. Faunthorpe, and on being told that he is out, asks permission to wait his return. He looks respectable, nay, even superior to some of the Redcastle gentry, so Hester shows him into the surgery, and asks him to take a seat.

"The doctor always runs home for his bit of dinner, when he can," she says, "and I don't think he was going very far to-day, so he'll be in by half an hour or so, I dare say."

Left in the surgery, Alexis thinks of that summer day, nearly a year ago, when he came here in quest of his truant wife, and allowed himself to be put on a false scent by a school-girl's deceitfulness. He is very angry with Jane Faunthorpe to-day, when he thinks that all the evil that has befallen Sibyl might have been prevented had that child told the truth.

"But she had been taught her lesson by Sibyl, no doubt," he reflects. "I do wrong to blame her."

He has more than a hour to wait for Dr. Faunthorpe, a weary while, for he is burning with impatience to know all that can be known about Stephen Trenchard's death. It is past two o'clock when the doctor comes into the surgery, looking tired and anxious, and Alexis feels as if much precious time had been lost.

He hastens to introduce himself to Robert Faunthorpe, and to give that bewildered practitioner the history of Sibyl's marriage.

"Sir, you petrify me!" exclaims the meek little doctor, wiping the perspiration from his bald forehead with an ancient silk handkerchief. "Do you mean to tell me that my niece, whom I have ever considered the incarnation of candor, could be capable of so deceiving me?"

"It was not your resentment she feared, Dr. Faunthorpe, but her uncle Trenchard's antipathy to my name. You are no doubt acquainted with the family history."

"Yes, yes; my poor sister-in-law told me the story."

"That family quarrel of the past was Sibyl's motive for concealing her marriage with me. And now that you know who I am, I have to speak of something much more serious. Your niece has been arrested on suspicion of being concerned in her uncle's murder, and is now in Redcastle jail."

Dr. Faunthorpe sinks into a chair, speechless with horror. For the last three days and nights he has lived in the apprehension of something like this, but the reality seems more dreadful than his fears.

"Don't tell me so!" he cries.

"It is unhappily the truth. I was with my wife at the time of her arrest. I am here to protect and defend her. And now tell me all you know about Stephen Trenchard's death."

Dr. Faunthorpe tells all that is to be told—disjointedly at first, but, on being closely questioned by Alexis, plainly enough at the last. He tells Alexis the unlucky facts connected with that blue bottle of prussic acid; he tells Alexis the various opinions, conjectures, and rumors which obtain in Redcastle.

"Why should he not have poisoned himself?" asks Alexis.

"Ah, we might have supposed that; but then comes the question of the bottle or vessel from which he took the poison. With so powerful a dose death would have been instantaneous; he would not have had time to throw the bottle from him; he would have died clutching it. And the empty bottle was found in Sibyl's work-basket."

"Where it might have been easily placed by any one who wished to fix the guilt upon her."

"Yes, of course. If we could only prove that."

"We must prove that, Dr. Faunthorpe. We must find the poisoner, or show that Stephen Trenchard took the poison of his own free-will. He may have felt that his game was played out, and may have adopted suicide as a happy escape out of his difficulties."

"That might be."

Alexis has made notes of Dr. Faunthorpe's answers to his questions. He has made a list of the people in the house at the time of Stephen Trenchard's death.

"How about this Mr. Pilgrim? Why should he not be suspected rather than Sibyl?"

"There is that unfortunate circumstance of Sibyl's flight, and the prussic acid taken from this surgery."

"Both facts tell against her. Yet if she had been guilty she would have been too wise to excite suspicion by that secret departure; and if she had wanted to commit murder she would hardly have chosen a poison which she must have known is of all poisons the most easily detected."

Dr. Faunthorpe's only answer is a hopeless sigh. He is borne down, nay, crushed, by calamity. Whatever elasticity of spirits Nature may have endowed him with at the outset of life has been worn out of him by a long career of self-abnegation and endurance. He is so accustomed to trouble, sorrow is such a common flavor in his cup, that he can not easily look beyond the darkness of the hour. To-day he sees himself inclosed in an impenetrable cloud of misery. Freely, gladly, would he give his life—such feeble remnant of life as he holds—to save his niece; but he can not devise any mode of being helpful to her.

"This Pilgrim must be the man," says Alexis, after reading over his notes meditatively.

"I can not see any motive—"

"Can you not? He may have believed in Trenchard's wealth, and expected to inherit some of it. He may have wanted money badly, and determined on hastening his inheritance."

"There is one little circumstance that I ought, perhaps, to have told you," begins the doctor, falteringly.

"For God's sake tell me every thing."

"It was after the post-mortem. Dr. Mitsand, who has taken up this matter in a very energetic spirit, asked a few questions of the butler at Lancaster Lodge."

"Well?"

"The questions themselves were of no particular importance—touching the position of a table beside the bed, with bottles and glasses and so on. But there was something in the man's

manner which struck Dr. Mitsand and myself as remarkable. He had been drinking, I believe, and may have been muddled by drink. But he had, to my mind and Dr. Mitsand's, the manner of a person laboring under some kind of apprehension. He had a shifty look, and answered the simplest questions reluctantly, as if afraid to commit himself. At the Coroner's inquest he appeared in the same muddled state, worse, indeed, and drew upon himself a severe reproof from the Coroner."

"Is the man still at Lancaster Lodge?"

"Yes. I saw him go in at the lodge-gate today as I came past on my way home."

"Then I'll see him without delay, and see what is to be made of him," says Alexis.

"In a case of such importance, would it not be better to employ a detective?" suggests the doctor, humbly.

"Dr. Faunthorpe, in a case that affects my wife's honor and her life there is no detective living whose wits would be keener than mine," replies Alexis. "I would trust no one with this work while I have power to do it myself."

And thus they part.

CHAPTER LII.

ALEXIS INVESTIGATES.

Before going to Lancaster Lodge, Alexis goes back to the jail and spends half an hour with his wife. He feels that it would be cruel to leave her all through the long, lonely day. He finds her curiously patient and quiet, resigned to the horror of her position, and touchingly grateful for his interest in her.

"It is a strange end to all my dreams, Alexis," she says, sadly. "I fancied that when our reconciliation came all life would be full of brightness for us. I have comforted myself in many a lonely hour with the thought of our reunion. How we should be fabulously rich, free as air, with all the world and its pleasures before us. The reality is strikingly different from the day-dream, is it not? No freedom, no wealth. Our reconciliation finds me a prisoner and a pauper."

"The prison will not be for long, dear, and I have fortune enough for both of us. So you need not regret your day-dream about Stephen Trenchard's wealth, a factor which had no real existence in the sum of our lives."

"Why did I not learn wisdom from my spelling-book—that dog's-eared old spelling-book with fables for reading lessons!" says Sibyl, with her faint smile. "I am like the dog in the fable, who dropped the substance to snatch the shadow."

She asks no questions as to his morning's occupation. She seems in no manner to realize the peril of her situation and the necessity to prompt action. Perhaps she is more womanly in this hour of trial than she has been at any other crisis of her life. Alexis has forgiven her. That is the one fact she dwells upon most, and the danger and horror of her position touch her lightly. That which she feels most bitter is to know herself the dupe of her own avarice, fooled to the top of her bent by false appearances, mocked at, perhaps, in secret by the insolvent Belial of her worship.

"Love is better than gold or silver, Alexis," she says, resting her languid head upon her husband's shoulder.

"Poets, philosophers, and sages have been singing that chorus ever since the world began, Sibyl. Yet there are a good many people left who set their affections on filthy lucre; and, after all, that yellow ore which keeps the world moving has some good uses as well as evil ones. And now I must leave you for an hour or two. I have some more business to get through in your lively town. You will not be alone all the afternoon, dear. Dr. Faunthorpe is coming to see you."

"Dear Uncle Robert' Oh, Alex, how I hate myself when I remember my neglect of that dear good man, while I paid my court to an impostor! And yet, perhaps, I have no right to say that. I have been thinking over the past as I sat here this morning, and I see that I have been self-deceived rather than the dupe of Uncle Trenchard. He never told me that he meant to make me his heiress. He never told me that he had a great fortune to leave. It was other people who deceived me. Those Stormonts and their set, always harping upon one string, courting me and flattering me as the heiress elect. I have little right to blame my uncle. He did not know how much I had sacrificed for his sake. He did not know how false and wicked a part I was playing. He was anxious that I should make a rich marriage, that I should profit by the false appearances that surrounded me, and establish myself before he died. He meant kindly by that, at any rate."

"We will say no harm of the dead, my dear. And now good-by for a few hours."

Alexis meets Dr. Faunthorpe on his way out. The good little man has only stopped to perform some necessary duties in the dispensing line before hastening to his niece.

From Redcastle jail to Lancaster Lodge is only ten minutes' walk. Alexis has no difficulty in finding the mansion which he came to six months ago in the winter dusk, for Lancaster Lodge has made itself unusually conspicuous today, having put on a breastplate of auctioneer's bills, announcing that all that elegant furniture, brass bedsteads, superior bedding, German spring mattresses, best Brussels, Axminster, velvet pile, and other carpeting, glass, china, pictures, electroplated goods, valuable library of standard authors, grand piano by Broadwood, patent lawn mowing-machine, knife-cleaning apparatus, and other household effects, together with the valuable lease of the mansion, at a moderate rent, were to be disposed of by public auction on Monday next, June 30, and three following days, the whole to be on view on the previous Saturday, admission by catalogue, price one shilling.

This is Thursday, and Alexis resolves to ask for a private view of the mansion. The request may be a little out of order, perhaps, but a judicious distribution of half crowns will, in all probability, remove all difficulties. This man Podmore, the late Mr. Trenchard's butler, is doubtless in charge of the house.

Alexis makes his application at the lodge-gate, where the lodge-keeper's wife has taken prompt advantage of Mr. Trenchard's death to hang out her family linen on the arbutus and conifers in the shrubbery.

"It's a comfort to do a bit of washing in freedom," this matron has remarked to her liege lord, the head gardener. "Mr. Trenchard were so partikeler."

"Partikeler!" growls the husband. "He were a man that allus wanted eighteenpennorth o' work for a shillin'. I don't call that there partikeler. Seems to me that there breed's rayther common."

Mollified by half a crown, the guardians of the gate are of opinion that Mr. Secretan can see the house.

"It ain't the day," says the gardener, scratching his head doubtfully; "you'll see wot's wrote up on they bills—Saturday. But if you're only passin' through and wanted to see if there's any think you'd like to bid for, I dessay as they might strain a p'int up at the house. There's old Podmore, the butler, a very partikler old party, but still he's ameliable to reason."

[to be continued.]

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

MARCH, 1876.

Sunday,	19.—Third Sunday in Lent.
Saturday,	25.—Annunciation B. V. M.
Sunday,	26.—Fourth Sunday in Lent.

APRIL.

Sunday,	2.—Fifth Sunday in Lent.
Sunday,	9.—Sunday before Easter.
Friday,	14.—Good-Friday.
Saturday,	15.—Easter-Even.
Sunday,	16.—Easter-Day.
Sunday,	23.—First Sunday after Easter.
Tuesday,	25.—St. Mark, the Evangelist.
Sunday,	30.—Second Sunday after Easter.

A suggestion has been made that the Old Hundred Doxology be sung by the people of the whole country at noon of the Fourth of July next ensuing. A letter urging the adoption of the suggestion has been addressed to Theodore Thomas, musical director of the Centennial Exposition, by Horatio Gates Jones, a State Senator of Pennsylvania. The carrying out of this union in song would necessitate the assembling of the people in their usual places of worship on the Fourth of July. Most of the religious bodies will be likely, however, to celebrate the day with some form of service. Mr. Jones further proposes "that the words of the doxology be printed on slips in the language of every nation which shall have contributed to the International Exhibition, with a brief preface stating that on the day and hour named all people are requested to repeat or sing the words." The singing of the doxology in various languages has been practiced at the Conferences of the Evangelical Alliance.

On the 29th of February the Baptists dedicated the new Publication Building, at 1420 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. It cost $300,000, has a white marble front, and is 40 by 200 feet in dimensions. It is said to be the finest society building owned by the Baptists in this or any other country.

After the dedication Mr. Bucknell, a leading Baptist layman, invited the subscribers to an entertainment at his house. Dr. Griffith, the secretary of the society, announced there to the guests that the building had cost $50,000 more than had been anticipated, and that the total deficiency was $107,000. This large sum the Bucknell and Crozer families, in order that the building might be dedicated free of debt, had paid, each taking half. The announcement was received with great satisfaction. Addresses of congratulation were made by Bishop Simpson, the Rev. Dr. Dickinson, and Mr. J. T. Howard, president of the society.

The *Observer* tells a story, which, but for its authority, would be incredible, of the sale of Harbor Island, one of the largest of the many islands in Lake George, by the State's Land Commissioners to a society of Jesuits, for twenty-five dollars. Can this be true? A bill has been introduced into the Legislature to prevent further sales.

On Thursday, February 24, the Rev. Dr. Nicholson was ordained a bishop of the Reformed Episcopal Church, in Philadelphia. The sermon was preached by Bishop Cheney, and the consecration performed by Bishop Cummins. On the same evening a conference was held of the ministers present, at which some important questions were discussed. Bishop Cummins stated that the next meeting of the General Council had been appointed for Ottawa, Canada, on May 10, but as the weather of Canada was sometimes very severe at that date, he suggested the expediency of postponing the Council for two or three weeks. It was agreed to request the members of the Council at Ottawa to meet on May 10, and then to adjourn to the second Wednesday of July. A discussion of the utility of the observance of Lent developed some differences of opinion. Bishop Cheney considered it as a precious heritage from the old Church; Bishop Nicholson believed its observance to be hurtful.

There is every indication that the taxation of church property will be fully discussed during the year. An essay on the subject was read at the Boston Baptist Social Union on Monday evening, February 28, by the Hon. E. C. Fitz. On the same day the Rev. Dr. Warren, president of Boston University, read an essay before the Boston Methodist Preachers' Meeting on "Taxation, Tax-Exemption, and Tax-Abolition." Strong ground was taken by him against the taxation of churches. The articles in the religious papers on this topic are very numerous.

The daily papers are still much occupied with reports of the work of evangelists. Mr. Hammond has addressed a meeting of 1200 persons in the Government Printing-office at Washington, and has held large children's meetings in that city. The crowds attracted by the preaching and singing of Messrs. Moody and Sankey continue to fill the New York Hippodrome. Messrs. Whittle and Bliss have for five weeks been addressing in St. Louis audiences numbering 1800 persons and upward.

The question, "What becomes of the old churches of this city?" is answered by the *Examiner and Chronicle*. They illustrate Hamlet's exclamation, "To what base uses we may return!" The old churches "are pulled down for trade, occupied as stables, turned into beer-shops, bowling saloons, or workshops. A. T. Stewart is famous for buying churches. The Baptist church on Amity Street is occupied as his business stable; the old Dutch church, on Ninth Street, was pulled down to make room for his store; the fine stone structure in which Dewey preached with such popularity, Stewart has converted into a theatre; Dr. Adams's church, on Broome Street, is a stable; the Reformed church, on Broome Street, and Dr. Ganse's, on Twenty-third Street, are also stables; Hope Chapel is a concert saloon." It has been suggested that congregations moving up town should take their edifices with them. The taking down and putting up cost less than a new structure.

The transfer of the Feejee Islands to the British crown is to be followed by the appointment of a bishop for the colony there. The Rev. E. Selwyn, son of the Bishop of Lichfield (who was once Bishop of New Zealand), it is said, will be named and consecrated. The Wesleyans have for a long time had extensive and successful missions among the natives of the islands.

The Brattleborough School case has been decided by the Supreme Court of Vermont. The case was this—the Catholic children had absented themselves from school on Corpus Christi Day after having been denied permission of absence. For this they were expelled. A bill was filed in Chancery in their behalf to restrain the School Board from carrying out the order of expulsion. The court held that the act of the School Board was within its power, under the Constitution and laws of the State.

The religious revival in Princeton, it is thought, will spread to other colleges. A Princeton deputation has gone to Yale, and there is a like interest at Amherst.

A gift of $13 65 from the Rev. S. Henry Bell, of the Presbyterian church at Wrightsville, Pennsylvania, to the Thornwell Presbyterian Orphanage, at Clinton, South Carolina, has elicited a correspondence full of fraternal feeling. The giver assigns as *one* of his motives for sending the money a great admiration for Dr. Thornwell, after whom the orphanage is named. Another, "that he has a son buried in South Carolina soil—a noble soldier boy, who left his home on the Susquehanna in response to what he ardently believed was duty. He lies in an unknown grave in Columbia cemetery. The church I am now preaching in bears the imprint of a bombshell thrown by General Gordon on the eve of the conflict at Gettysburg, in this county. May not some of the very little ones whose fathers perished upon this memorable field receive this in the form of a token of love—and that from one who lost his boy upon the other side?"

To this the Rev. William Jacobs, the president of the Thornwell Orphanage, replies: "Somewhere near Gettysburg, slain in that fearful conflict, lies a brother of the writer of these lines. He can sympathize with this Christian father of Wrightsville. Yes, some of these children committed to my care did lose their earthly stay at Gettysburg. And now from those they fought against comes back the sweet hand of charity. Be assured that such help, when offered, is gratefully accepted, and when given in such kind and thoughtful way, makes us feel that you are in truth our brothers."

Such interchanges of charity can do only good to all parties.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Among the deaths of men of science not heretofore chronicled in our columns is that of Dr. R. von Willemoes-Suhm, one of the most efficient of the staff of the *Challenger* expedition, who had rendered most admirable service up to the time of his death, which occurred on the 13th of September last, while the vessel was proceeding between the Sandwich Islands and Tahiti. Dr. R. von Willemoes-Suhm was born on the 11th of September, 1847; and at an early age showed a love of natural history, and after the completion of his course as a student in the University of Munich, devoted himself, under the direction of Professor Von Siebold, to special zoological research. He occupied himself for some time in the examination of the fauna of Kiel in connection with the labors of the German Fishery Commission, and shortly after accompanied Dr. Wyville Thompson, forming part of his scientific staff on board the *Challenger*. From this vessel he made a series of communications to his preceptor, Von Siebold, giving the most detailed account of the work of the expedition that has yet appeared. Professor Von Siebold in referring to the work enumerates no less than forty-one articles in various scientific journals supplied by him, the first appearing in 1864.

The new aquarium at Westminster, which probably is justly entitled to the claim of being the largest and most magnificent establishment of the kind in existence, was opened toward the end of January for concert purposes, but the tanks were not in a condition for being filled with water. Among some special features of its construction is an arrangement that the overflow of water from one tank will pass down a tube so as to enter the next tank at the bottom, causing a continued displacement of the water already in the tank. The reservoir, which occupies the space under the large hall, is divided into nine compartments, so that in case of accident to any part, it can be cleared of the water and repaired while the other sections remain in operation.

The total capacity of the reservoir is 600,000 gallons, and the total amount of water in the reservoir and tanks together will be 750,000 gallons. For the circulation eight rotary vulcanite pumps are erected, which are capable of sending 56,000 gallons through the tanks in an hour if needed, though it is calculated that 15,000 to 20,000 gallons will be the average amount. The salmon will have a fifty-feet run. All the pipes, culverts, etc., are of vulcanite, but the glass fronts of the tanks are fitted in cork.

A new candidate for public favor has made its appearance in the form of a monthly journal, edited by Messrs. William H. Wahl and Robert Grimshaw, of Philadelphia, entitled *The Polytechnic Review*, devoted to science as applied to the useful arts. The object proposed is to furnish a record of progress in civil, mechanical, naval, military, and sanitary engineering, gas and water supply, and sewerage; chemical technology, with particular reference to mining, metallurgy, and the manufacturing chemical industries; manufactures in general, and the mechanic arts.

We have already briefly referred to the death of Mr. George Poulett Scrope, the eminent and veteran geologist, and now add some further particulars. He was born in London in 1797, and at first, interested especially in antiquarian researches, his attention was attracted to geology by the examination of some highly contorted strata in the Pyrenees, and still more by the sight of Vesuvius in a state of almost constant activity. His specialty as a geologist was the investigation of recent and extinct volcanoes, and the phenomena of igneous rocks generally.

His first publication of any moment was *Considerations on Volcanoes*, published in 1825. His second was that on *The Geology and Extinct Volcanoes of Central France*, the latter placing him at once in the foremost rank of geologists. Being a man of large means and interested in general politics, Mr. Scrope entered Parliament in 1833, and for a number of years was occupied almost exclusively by his duties in that connection. It was not until 1856 that he renewed his labors as a scientific writer in the form of some papers published in the quarterly journal of the Geological Society. In 1857 he revisited the Auvergne for the purpose of preparing a second edition of his book on volcanoes, which appeared in 1862, and a third edition in 1871.

Throughout his life Mr. Scrope was an intimate friend of Sir Charles Lyell, each exercising a beneficial influence upon the other. Born nearly at the same time, their deaths took place within the space of a single year.

The Danish Parliament has before it a proposition to expend one thousand crowns per annum in following up the researches of Rink, Brown, Steenstrup, and Nordenskjöld upon the geology and inland ice of Greenland. Should the proposition prevail, attention will be chiefly directed to the southern portion of the mainland, the coast north of 67° having been sufficiently well explored.

Nature announces the death, at Geneva, on the 20th of December, of Mr. Adolphe Pictet, at the age of seventy-six, one of the most eminent writers on ethnology and comparative philology of the present century. In 1839 the French Institute awarded him the Volney prize for his work on the affinity of the Celtic language with the Sanskrit; and it was given a second time, in 1863, for his memoir on the Indo-European language or of the primitive Aryans.

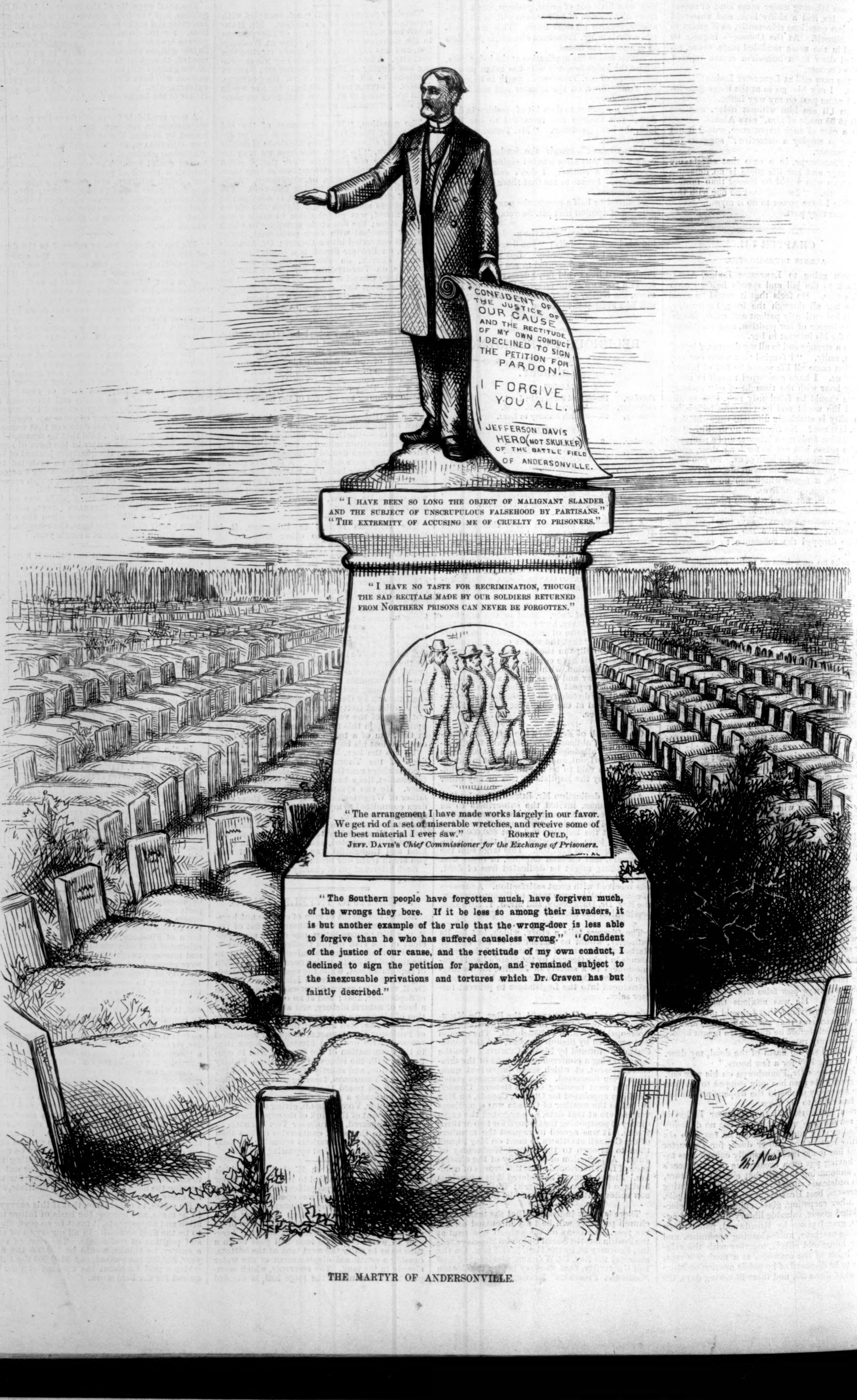
In the first Bulletin for the year 1875–76 of the American Geographical Society is a report of Mr. James T. Gardner on the "Uses of a Topographical Survey of the State of New York," in which he urges the importance of such a survey, primarily, as the necessary basis for equalizing taxes, and endeavors to show that, in view of the probably very great errors in the present estimate of land in New York, the real estate is paying from one to two millions annually more than it should. He dwells upon the fact that some towns in the State have actually caused elaborate maps for assessment purposes to be prepared, in consequence of the injustice of the ordinary method of estimating real estate adopted by the assessors.

Where a given amount of money must be raised by assessment, it is very evident that if some parts are undervalued as to extent and acreage, others must be in excess, involving great injustice to the owners of the latter. Thus, in the town of Flushing, Mr. Gardner remarks, it is estimated that only nine-tenths of the farm land and nineteen-twentieths of the village property were assessed. A similar discrepancy existed in the city of Yonkers, where the land assessed in 1873, owing to erroneous estimates, paid $4000 more for taxes than it should have done.

If such a survey as is recommended be carried out, it will establish imperishably every property boundary in the State, and furnish for each owner an absolutely accurate map of his land, so that it can be correctly described in the deeds. Mr. Gardner states that scarcely in one case in a thousand do the deeds in New York describe correctly the area of the real estate conveyed.

Among the secondary economic uses of topographical maps are the facilities they afford for proper planning of systems of suburban drainage and water supply, and extensions of village streets and country roads, and finally, as a basis for a scientific survey of the State's resources. These are its climate, water-power, woods, surface soils, clays, rocks, and minerals. He urges, therefore, that the State make one general survey of such accuracy that the maps may be used by engineers for planning and estimating the cost of public works, such as the laying out of towns, etc., and the drainage systems for improving the health of great marshy districts, and for many other applications.

He states, in conclusion, that if this survey is to be made, and become the basis of future taxation and assessments, it must be so accurate as to be the final authority in all questions of area and position of real estate. The cost of such a survey, he thinks, would be $20,000 the first year, $50,000 the second, and $100,000 the third, which would be about the amount of time required for the field work.



THE MARTYR OF ANDERSONVILLE.

A SAD DOWNFALL.

The lamentable story of the crime and disgrace of a prominent member of the cabinet—a man whose character had been supposed to be without a stain—was received throughout the country with profound regret. The exposure was startling in its suddenness. No intimations of the investigation going on before the House Committee on Expenditures in the War Department had been allowed to leak out, and the public knew nothing of it until the very day the report of the committee was laid before the House. The first hint of the Secretary's acts came, it is said, from a Mr. Arms, who had been dismissed from the regular army through the enmity, it is alleged, of the Secretary, and who informed a member of Congress that he could disclose facts which would drive General Belknap to resign. This statement having been brought to the attention of the committee, Mr. Arms was summoned to appear before them, told his story, and gave the names of witnesses by whom it could be corroborated. Impressed by the importance of the matter, the committee sent for the witnesses, among whom was Mr. Caleb P. Marsh, of New York city, and conducted the investigation with the result already known.

Mr. Marsh's statement is to the effect that, in the summer of 1870, the former Mrs. Belknap, in grateful return for kind attentions while she was ill during a visit with his family, offered to ask the Secretary to give him a profitable trading post on the frontier. A few weeks afterward, having returned to Washington, she sent word to Mr. Marsh to visit that city. He did so, and was told by Mrs. Belknap that the post tradership at Fort Sill was vacant, that it was a valuable post, she understood, and that she had prevailed upon the Secretary of War to give it to him. Upon making application for the position, Mr. Marsh discovered that it was held by Mr. John S. Evans, who was an applicant for re-appointment. An arrangement was subsequently made by which Mr. Evans was to pay Mr. Marsh a bonus of $12,000, payable quarterly in advance, for the privilege of holding the post. When the first remittance was received by Mr. Marsh, in the fall of 1870, he sent one-half of it to Mrs. Belknap. This lady died a few weeks afterward. An interview between Mr. Marsh and her sister (then Mrs. Bowers, the present wife of General Belknap) is thus described in his testimony before the committee: "Being in Washington at a funeral some weeks after this, I had a conversation with Mrs. Bowers to the following purport, as far as I can now remember, but I must say that just here my memory is exceedingly indistinct, and I judge in part, perhaps, from what followed as to the details of the conversation. I went up stairs in the nursery with Mrs. Bowers to see the baby. I said to her, 'This child will have money coming to it before a great while.' She said, 'Yes; the mother gave the child to me, and told me that the money coming from you I must take and keep for it.' I said, 'All right,' and it seems to me I said that perhaps the father ought to be consulted. I say it seems so, and yet I can give no good reason for it, for, as far as I know, the father knew nothing of any money transactions between the mother and myself. I have a faint recollection of a remark of Mrs. Bowers that if I sent the money to the father, it belonged to her, and that she would get it any way."

GENERAL WILLIAM W. BELKNAP.—[Photographed by F. Thorp, Washington, D. C.]

Mr. Marsh continues: "I certainly had some understanding then or subsequently with her or him, for when the next payment came due and was paid, I sent the one-half thereof to the Secretary of War, and have continued substantially from that day forward to the present time to do the same. About, I should say, a year and a half or two years after the beginning of these payments, I reduced the amount to $6000 per annum. The reason of this reduction was partly because of the combined complaints on the part of Mr. Evans and his partner, and partly, so far as I now remember, in consequence of an article in the newspapers, about that time, reflecting on the injustice done to soldiers at this fort, caused by exorbitant charges made necessary on the part of the trader by reason of the payment of this bonus. To the best of my knowledge and belief the above is a true statement of all the facts in the case, and as complete as I can remember occurrences of so many years ago."

This is the substance of the painful disclosures made by Mr. Marsh before the committee. Efforts had been made by Mrs. Belknap and her brother-in-law to induce Mr. Marsh to withhold the truth, or to evade examination by leaving the country. But he felt that no course remained open to him but to tell the whole story. The committee, composed of two Republicans and three Democrats, were forced to a unanimous conviction of the Secretary's guilty complicity.

The investigation had been so secretly carried on that the President knew nothing of it until it was over, and the report was in readiness to be presented to the House. It is said his first intimation of it came from the Secretary himself, who waited upon him early in the forenoon of March 2, tendered his resignation, and in a few words, broken by agitation and emotion, told him the story of his ruin. The President was greatly agitated; his friends say they have never seen him so overwhelmed.

The report of the committee was read in the House by the chairman, Mr. Clymer, on the afternoon of the same day, and was listened to with profound and pained attention. After the reading there was a brief debate on the question of the right to impeach an officer after his resignation had been accepted; but at its close, resolutions of impeachment were passed without a dissenting vote. The Judiciary Committee was instructed to prepare articles of impeachment without delay, and a committee of five, consisting of Messrs. Clymer, of Pennsylvania, Robbins, of North Carolina, Blackburn, of Kentucky, Bass, of New York, and Danford, of Ohio, was appointed to inform the Senate of the action of the House. This committee appeared before the Senate on the afternoon of March 3, and in the name of the House, and of the people of the United States of America, impeached, as they had been directed to do, William W. Belknap, late Secretary of War of the United States, of high crimes and misdemeanors while in office, demanded that the Senate shall take order to make him appear before that body to answer for the same, and announced that the House would soon present articles of impeachment, and make them good, to which the response was made, by the presiding officer of the Senate, "Order shall be taken."

General Belknap, whose career has come to a close so disastrous, was born in Newburgh, in this State, in 1829. In 1851 he removed to the then new State of Iowa, and entered upon the practice of law. On the breaking out of the rebellion he went into the field as Major of the Fifteenth Iowa Infantry, and served with gallantry and distinction to the close of the war. He was with Gen-

AN OLD SQUAW BEGGING FOR FOOD—SCENE AT A FRONTIER STATION.—[See Page 234.]

eral Sherman in the Georgia campaign, distinguished himself in front of Atlanta, and on the day General M'Pherson fell, acted so bravely that he was promoted to be Brigadier-General. Subsequently he marched with Sherman to the sea, and when the army reached Savannah, was brevetted Major-General. When the war was ended, General Belknap was offered a field-officer's commission in the regular army, but declined it, and in 1866 was made Collector of Internal Revenue for the First Iowa District. While holding this office he earned great credit for the faithful, honest, and fearless manner in which he performed his duty. The reforms he instituted in his district gained for him the highest commendations of the department. It was while occupying this position that he was selected by President Grant to fill the cabinet seat vacated by the death of General Rawlins in 1869.

OLD SQUAW BEGGING.

Our illustration on the preceding page represents an old squaw of the Sioux tribe begging for food at a frontier station. Her people have probably gone off on some marauding expedition, leaving her to die or subsist by the charity of the white people. The picture was sketched from an actual scene, and the figure of the old woman, whose name in the Sioux dialect signifies "tongue," is a portrait from life.

THE BEACON WATCH.

Our first-page illustration represents a soldier of the Revolutionary army keeping watch, from the summit of a lofty hill, over the movements of the enemy, who are encamped in the plain below. On one side may be seen the beacon, the lighting of which will convey intelligence to the patriots—a mode of signaling many years since superseded by the use of a system of flags, which has been brought to such perfection that messages can be waved from one point to another, a long distance apart, with the utmost accuracy.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Recently published statistics bring to light the singular fact that while 13.12 per cent. of the whole population of the State of Massachusetts are farmers, no less than 10.39 per cent. of the inmates of the insane asylums of the State are from that class of people. And it is also a stated fact that in all the insane hospitals of this country and of Europe the largest proportion of patients is from the ranks of farmers. This naturally seems very strange, since farming is considered the most healthful of all occupations. It is believed, however, by those who have investigated the subject, that this result is not because the occupation is unwholesome, nor because farmers work harder than other people, but simply because farmers, as a class, take little genuine recreation, but carry their load of care, anxiety, and worry all the time. It may not really be a very heavy load, but it is constant morning, noon, and night. The mechanic and artisan, and in general even the literary and professional man, seek some recreation outside of their work and working hours. But short crops, bad weather, rains in harvest time, frequent droughts, dwell in the farmer's mind, and are the topics of his conversation, causing a perpetually gloomy and foreboding frame of mind. It is a truth worthy of being borne in mind that thinking continually about troubles, real or imaginary, talking much about them, and fearing some future calamity, only intensify the difficulties, and naturally tend to upset the mental balance. The mind can not run in one depressing track day after day and month after month without seriously impairing its healthful action. Change and recreation, and a looking upon the bright side of things, are imperative.

The following beautiful tribute to Miss Charlotte Cushman was given in a public address delivered during the rebellion by the Rev. Henry W. Bellows, president of the United States Sanitary Commission:

"Inspired with pity and generosity, American women have, by their labors and sympathies, become a real and effective part of our armies, and their ranks, under leaders like Miss Charlotte Cushman (who contributed over $8000 to the objects of the Commission), will not break while their sons, brothers, and husbands are firm and faithful in the field. It is due to Miss Cushman to add that this extraordinary gift of money is but the least part of the service which she has been rendering our cause in Europe. Her earnest faith in the darkest hours, her prophetic confidence in our success, her eloquent patriotism in all presences, have been potent influences abroad, and deserve and command the gratitude of the whole nation."

The warden of the Massachusetts State-prison recently stated in evidence before the Prison Committee that he knew that there existed in the city of Boston a regularly organized society of criminals, with president, vice-president, secretary, and treasurer. This society regularly admits members, discusses the most approved plans for burglary, etc., keeps a list of the best criminal lawyers in the country, and also has a fund for mutual support and protection.

There are now in this country one hundred and twenty Chinese boys, whom the Chinese government is causing to be educated to fill important official positions. The plan is for them to remain here fifteen years for training in science, language, and technical studies; but they are also required to retain their knowledge of Chinese language, literature, and customs.

There is great rejoicing in England that Queen Victoria, after many years of great seclusion, is resuming her social and public relations with her subjects. Her opening of Parliament is regarded as only the beginning of a formal return to the recreations and amenities of her rank. Among certain classes there has been much complaint at the Queen's long retirement, and they will feel contented when the court again has a head. If Victoria has lost any popularity among her subjects, she will regain it speedily by appearing often before her people as a royal hostess.

A wealthy German named Alberto Keller, who had resided many years previous to his death in Milan, was a firm believer in the theory of cremation. In his will he provided that a temple of cremation should be built in the Cemeterio Monumentale, and presented to the city of Milan, and that his own remains should be cremated therein, and his ashes deposited in the family tomb in that cemetery. Mr. Keller died about two years ago, and his body was embalmed and placed in the family vault. The temple was completed the latter part of last January, including various necessary experiments in regard to cremation. And upon the second anniversary of Mr. Keller's death, his body was subjected to the process of cremation, a large assembly of persons being present. The cremation occupied nearly an hour, which time was taken up by brief addresses from scientific persons. The next day the ashes were collected, placed in a white marble casket of small size, and deposited on an altar facing the door of the tomb. The tablet underneath bore the inscription, in Italian, "Ashes of Alberto Keller." The tomb is daily visited by large numbers of curious Milanese.

The destruction of the tower and spire of the Universalist Church at Webster, Massachusetts, during a recent gale, was a very remarkable occurrence. The spire rose to the height of 120 feet from the ground, and a fine-toned bell, weighing, with its appurtenances, about 1200 pounds, occupied the belfry. During the gale the spire was observed to sway visibly, and occupants of houses in the vicinity vacated their premises. The swaying of the steeple increased, the vibrations tolling the bell occasionally, until the whole structure at length fell to the ground with an indescribable crash. The tower and steeple were reduced to kindling wood, but the bell, which was thrown up the street about sixty feet, was uninjured, and not even a pane of glass was broken in any of the surrounding buildings.

Tom Thumb's rival has appeared in Binghamton, New York—a boy five years old, weight nine pounds when fully dressed, height twenty-three inches. He is physically perfect, and talks very distinctly.

During the Centennial Exhibition an International Medical Congress will be held in Philadelphia, beginning on the 4th of September. The Congress will consist of American and foreign delegates of prominent medical societies. Invitations have been extended to all the principal medical societies in Europe, Mexico, the British dominions, Central and South America, the Sandwich Islands, East and West Indies, Australia, China, and Japan.

About 1200 teachers are employed in the Boston public schools. Of these, more than 800 are women; yet the less than 400 men are stated to receive more money in salaries than the 800 women.

"Fish," according to a recently promulgated composition of a Boston school-boy, "live in the Atlantic Ocean, Charles River, and some in Buzzard's Bay. When they are small, they are called cod-fish and herrin and such; but when they grow up, they are called whales. The fat of whales is cut up and biled and made inter kerosene oil for gas light; their bones is made inter whalebone for ivory planer keys and dominoes; also for jackknife handles and horn buttons."

Among late discoveries is the process of making sugar and molasses of good quality from Indian corn. The first attempt was made in Iowa a short time ago, and the result may be considered the foundation of an extensive and important industry.

In the *Journal of Chemistry* appears an article strongly advocating the use of milk as a medicinal diet in the sick-room, especially in cases of typhoid fever. Beef tea, gruel, and similar articles, it states, do not contain the necessary nutritive qualities. Milk is generally considered indigestible; but if diluted with limewater, it is found to be a most valuable article for fever patients. Pepsin may also be added in some cases with advantage.

The "Menuet de la Cour," which was one of the novelties at the Martha Washington Reception on the 22d of February, was first invented in the province of Pitou, France, and first danced at Paris in 1653 by Louis XIV. It has not been danced in this city in its original style since the days of President Washington. It is matter of historical remembrance that on the evening of April 30, 1789, the day on which Washington was sworn into office, a ball was given in his honor at the City Assembly Rooms, on Broadway, above Trinity Church. The President and Lady Washington sat on a raised platform, and as each gentleman took his partner out to dance, they made a low obeisance to Washington, and did the same after the figure was concluded. Afterward the President danced a minuet with Miss Van Zandt, subsequently the wife of William Maxwell, Esq., and it is recorded that "never did the majestic form of Washington appear to greater advantage than on that occasion of elegant trifling."

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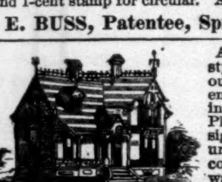
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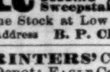
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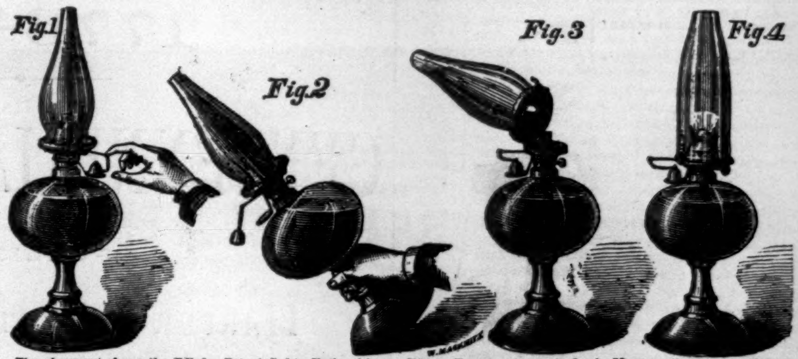

The above cut shows the Edholm Patent Safety Extinguisher Burners, justly celebrated, wherever known, for their great safety. The extinguishing device consists of a Sleeve, surrounding the wick-tube, which is moved up and down, 1st, by a lever which passes through a fin on its side, and 2d, by the weight attached to the chain, which is attached to the fin. When this Sleeve is thrown up, either by touching the lever, or by the dropping of the weight, the flame is confined inside of it, and the heat drives out the air and creates a vacuum in which flame cannot exist, hence the light is put out as quick as a flash.

Fig. 1 shows a lighted lamp being *extinguished at bed time* by the person using it. Fig. 2 shows the same lamp being partly overturned and extinguished by the weight dropping off the shelf and throwing the Sleeve up, as shown inside the chimney in the cut. This would *always happen*, in case the lamp was *accidentally upset*, thus, rendering it *impossible* to overturn the Lamp without *putting out the light* before it can *break*, and the oil *take fire*.

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No. 2. About October 1, 1875, a young gardener and wife, living in Minneapolis, Minn., were assorting seeds, and had their lighted lamp sitting on a box. He accidentally struck his foot against the box, knocking the lamp off; it broke, the oil took fire, exploded, flew all over the room, so that they barely escaped with their lives. The house burned to the ground, and with it, $1,500 in greenbacks, which he had in his bureau. If their lamp had been supplied with an Edholm Burner, at a cost of only 50 cents, that man would have been *at least $1,500 better off to-day*.

No. 3. About October 25, 1875, a lady on Olive street, in this city (St. Louis, Mo.), was crossing a room with a lighted lamp in her hand; her shoe caught in a rug, she stumbled, dropped her lamp, it broke, the oil took fire, exploded, and *burned her to death*. If her lamp had been supplied with an Edholm Burner, at a cost of only 50 cents, she would have been *alive and well to-day*.

No. 4. A widow and two little girls sat down to supper October 12, in Lake City, Minn. One of the children pulled the table cloth off the table. The lighted lamp fell to the floor, broke, the oil caught fire, exploded, set their clothing on fire, and *burned all three to death*. If that lamp had been supplied with an Edholm Burner, costing 50 cents, that family would have been alive and well to-day.

No. 5. About November 1, 1875, a guest in the St. Cloud Hotel, in Sherman, Texas, upset his lighted lamp in his room, resulting in the total destruction of the best portion of the town, and causing a loss of $500,000. One 50 cent Edholm Burner would have *prevented this conflagration*, and saved money enough to have placed an Edholm Burner on one lamp in each one of *one million families*.

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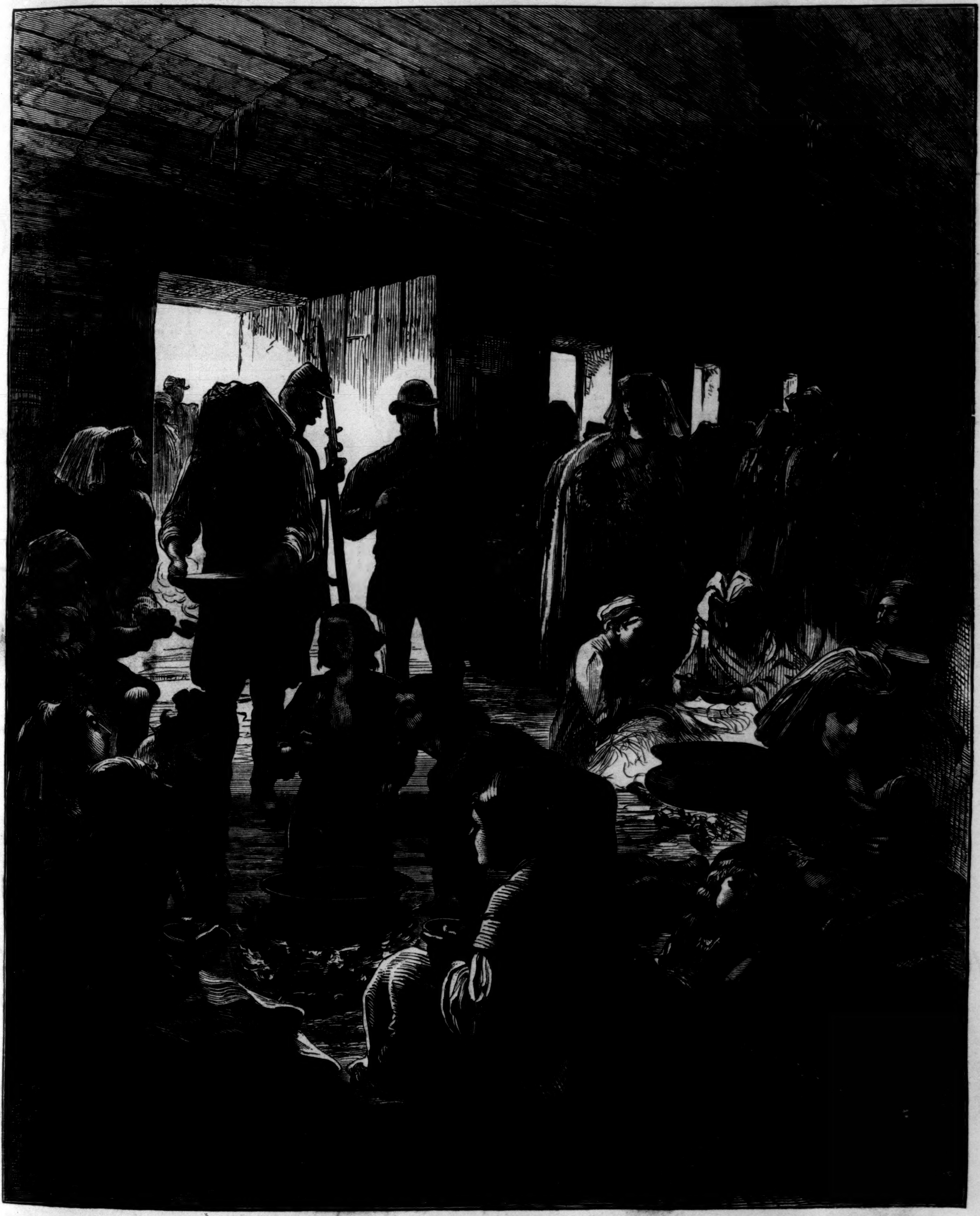


HERZEGOVINIAN REFUGEES AT RAGUSA.

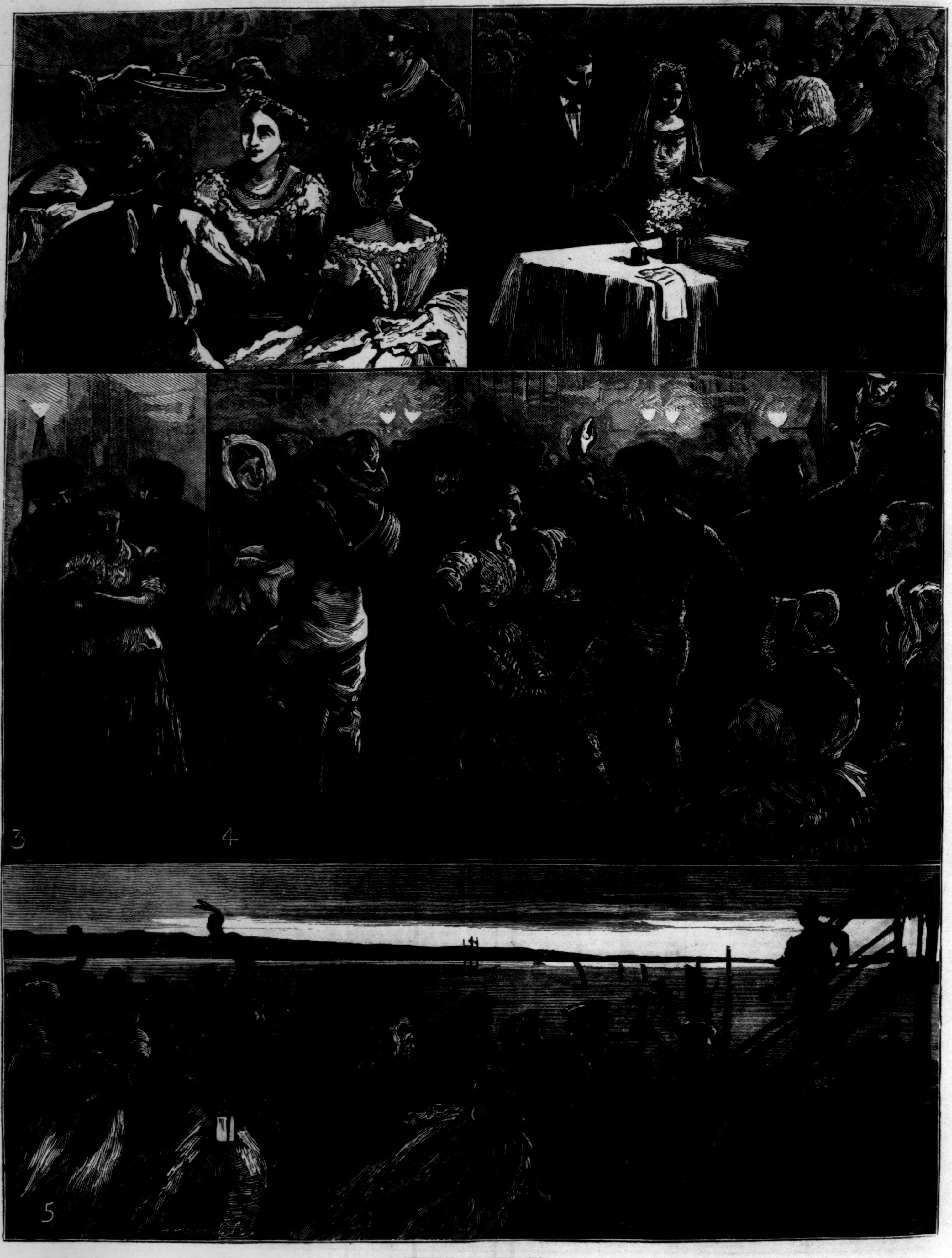
HERZEGOVINIAN REFUGEES.

THE above picture represents a scene witnessed by the artist at the Austrian sea-port town of Ragusa, where large numbers of the distressed people of the neighboring Turkish province, expelled from their native village by the merciless visitation of war, are collected in a painful state of destitution. The province of Bosnia, of which Herzegovina is a dependency, has during four centuries been subject to the despotic and grinding rule of a Turkish pasha. It has a fertile soil, and other natural resources of considerable value. The land is chiefly owned by Mussulman natives, who form about one-fourth part of the population, and who are not foreigners, but of the same race as the Christian majority; these belong to the Greek Church. The inhabitants of the Herzegovina, all counted, are scarcely a quarter of a million.

A FISHERMAN'S WEDDING.

THE series of sketches which illustrate page 238 were suggested to the artist by some of the curious customs that attend a wedding among the fisher people of Scotland. Along a certain portion of the coast, when a young couple agree to get married, the nearest relations of both parties meet to ratify the contract. This is an occasion of great rejoicing. The women appear in full toilet, and a sort of feast is prepared, during which there is apt to be a great consumption of whisky. In the first drawing we see a party engaged in this delightful business. In the second, we get so far as the marriage ceremony itself. This is usually performed by the clergyman of the district at the residence of the bride. After the religious rites are concluded, a contract is signed by both parties amidst a cloud of witnesses. The bridegroom wears his Sunday suit, and the lady is adorned with the conventional bridal veil.

In number three we see a couple of jovial fishermen, both apparently in pursuit of one young woman, desiring perhaps to secure her as a partner in the coming dance. Her meekly folded arms and modest air more than likely conceal a keen delight at the compliment paid to her attractions. In the next drawing festivities have begun. The cabins are usually small, and the rooms are apt to be crowded to suffocation. Sometimes the company wisely adjourns to an inn, where there are better accommodations. The marriages of these people take place, almost without exception, on Friday, and the celebrations attending the event continue until the dawn of the Sabbath puts an end to further hilarity. On the first night of the dancing the women are attired in white muslin gowns, with their necks and arms exposed, the latter adorned with any quantity of glass beads and ornaments. The men are in their shirt sleeves, with gorgeous blue waistcoats, ornamented with brass buttons, and wearing every variety



A FISHERMAN'S WEDDING.

of hat and cap. Their throats are muffled with enormous neck-handkerchiefs, which they persist in wearing in spite of the heat. When the entire night has been passed in dancing, and daylight appears, a rush is made through the town to the future home of the newly married couple. The musician, armed with his fiddle or bagpipe, as the case may be, leads the procession, the bride and groom come next, and the rest of the party follow on behind.

The artist has chosen for his last sketch the moment when the merry company passes along the shore, their figures dimly outlined against the sky just as the day is breaking. Then comes the ceremony of putting the bride to bed. This is done by the women, who then retire, leaving the men to perform the same office for the groom. Later on the dancing recommences, but the women have now laid aside their festive garments, and appear in the picturesque costumes they wear on ordinary occasions. The entertainment is concluded by a supper, usually consisting of boiled junk and a kind of white soup, with prunes. After so much hilarious excitement, the calm quietude of the "day of rest" is naturally hailed with rejoicing.

Scotland abounds in singular marriage customs. One of the most remarkable is called "creeling the bridegroom." In some counties on the day after the wedding, while the marriage feast still continues, the bridegroom had a creel, or basket, filled with stones firmly fastened upon his back. With this encumbrance he was compelled to run about the neighborhood followed by his friends, who would not allow him to remove it until his wife came after him and either kissed him or unfastened the creel. It sometimes happened that, as relief depended upon her, he had not to run very far; but if the lady was either very bashful or very sportive he had to carry his load a considerable distance. The custom was very strictly enforced, for the friend who was last creeled had charge of the ceremony, and he was naturally anxious that the new bridegroom should not escape.

PENNANT, in his *Tour of Scotland*, relates that among the Highlanders it was the custom for the bride, immediately after her marriage, to walk around the church alone. In some places all the company, after leaving the church, walked round it, keeping the walls always upon their right hand. Great care was taken that dogs did not pass between a couple on their way to be married; and great attention was paid to leaving the bridegroom's shoe without buckle or latchet, in order to prevent the secret influence of witches on the wedding night.

At Galston, in Ayrshire, it was formerly the custom for a young man who wished to pay his addresses to a girl to go, not to her father's house and profess his passion, but to the public-house; and having let the landlady into the secret, the girl was sent for. She seldom refused to come, under the circumstances; and having arrived, she

SHOOTING IN HOLLAND.

was entertained with ale and spirits, and the marriage was agreed upon.

SAMPSON, writing in 1802, says: "At Scotch weddings the groom and his party vie with the other youngsters who shall gallop first to the house of the bride. Nor is this feat of gallantry always without danger, for in every village through which they are expected to pass arrangements are made for receiving them with shots from pistols and guns. These discharges, intended to honor the parties, sometimes result in their disgrace—if to be tumbled in the dirt on such an occasion can be called a dishonor. The one who first reaches the house and announces the coming of the others is entitled to a bowl of broth prepared for the victor. A story is told of a wedding at Mauchline, where four men of the bride's company started for the prize, riding from that town to Whitehill, a distance of thirteen miles. When the foremost was sure of success, a young lady, who had started after they were a quarter of a mile away, outstripped them all, notwithstanding the interruption of getting a shoe fastened on her mare at a smithy along the road. First to arrive, she obtained the reward, to the amazement of all parties."

Another peculiarity of the Scotch people is that they especially favor the last day of the year for celebrating marriages. There are more weddings upon that day in Scotland than usually occur in a week. The months of January and May are considered especially objectionable for marriages. This superstition is probably borrowed from the Romans. How universal its influence must have been upon all classes is shown by the fact of Sir WALTER SCOTT hurrying away from London so that his daughter's wedding might take place before the arrival of the inauspicious month. It would also seem that the modern prejudice against mothers-in-law is not a novel thing, for along the borders the presence of the bride's mother at a wedding is regarded as an unlucky omen. A wedding after sunset will entail upon the bride all manner of disasters. A wet day is also most unfortunate; but the old saying, "Blest is the bride that the sun shines on," is not more common in Scotland than throughout the rest of Christendom.

SHOOTING IN HOLLAND.

HOLLAND is a geographical paradox. Its history is a subversion of the laws of nature, and all its successes have been won by a struggle with the elements. The ocean said to the Hollanders, "You shall have no country here." The Hollanders said to the ocean, "We *will* have a country here;" and they had one in spite of water, winds, and waves. Holland, more than any other region under the sun, illustrates the power of industry and perseverance. Such a land exists nowhere else. It is not merely the most singular of kingdoms—it is the only one of its kind. One may travel the world over, and yet be unable to form any conception of the Netherlands. It is